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THE POLITICS OF GUN CONTROL

Rep. Michael J. Harrington

DAVID JENKINS

DEMOCRACY IN THE WORKPLACE: EAST ORANGE, N. J. 07019
THE HUMAN FACTORIES

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EDITORIALS

Nixon at Year's End

As President Nixon slipped away from the bunker that the White House has become to spend a holiday in San Clemente, he left behind the wreckage of Operation Candor. He had given it a try—in those not-too-revealing chats with selected groups of Congressmen, at the Disney World press conference, and in the release of selected data about his finances and tax returns. But once again the pretense of being candid without being open raised new issues and settled none of the old.

Senator Baker, a friend and supporter, concedes that the President has thus far failed to remove public doubts about his role in Watergate. Sen. James B. Pearson, another Republican friendly to the President, feels that although he “may survive, he can’t recover.” Rep. John J. Roche, the new Republican leader in the House, feels that Operation Candor has fizzled and that Nixon should be prepared to resign if an impeachment resolution is voted. Richard Wilson, a columnist not unfriendly to the President, finds it increasingly difficult to defend him. “In my observation people are running out of patience with President Nixon and that the first results of Operation Candor were disastrous.” Even Rev. Billy Graham has begun to waver: “I think many of his judgments have been very poor, especially in the selection of certain people.” A bit vague but damning from this source.

Against this background and with the naming of John Michael Doar, an excellent choice, as counsel to the House’s impeachment inquiry, it is easy to see why the President decided to junk Operation Candor and opt for a hard-line defense based on savage counterattacks. There is not much else he can do, but this final strategy is not likely to succeed. By the time Congress reconvenes, the new indictments, on which the Special Prosecutor’s office has been working, will probably be returned. These will be only a few of what Senator Baker refers to as those “animals thrashing around in the forest” which he can hear but can’t see. Hunter S. Thompson, in *Rolling Stone*, feels that “Mr. Nixon has cashed his check”; borrowing a phrase from Conrad’s *Heart of Darkness*, he writes of Nixon as Conrad did of Kurtz: “Mistah Nixon, he dead.” Well, not quite. Can he hold the support of the pro-Administration Southern Democrats in the House and Senate? If so, he might be able to defeat an impeachment resolution or prevail in the Senate if he can count one-third plus one of the votes there. But to do so he must hold the support of the conservative Republicans and none of the Republicans want to campaign this year with Nixon as head of the party.

The President is caught in a trap. For all the diversions, feints and counterplays he has used, he still cannot alibi his way out of the Watergate cover-ups, because he cannot explain how it could have happened without his knowledge and approval. Harold Rosenberg, the distinguished art critic, explains why in the current *Partisan Review*. Someone authorized the break-in, but who? The underlings say that they were merely tools who were “used,” which is what tools are for. They refer to a “chain of command” but the chain leads nowhere. At most it consisted of two

or three links. The “links” say they authorized nothing and gave no commands. As to the President, he accepts “responsibility” but says that the “cogs” or “links” were “overzealous.” But if they were overzealous it was in his behalf. As Mr. Rosenberg notes, “he is the instigator, if not by direct instruction then by general encouragement”; hence his responsibility is more than nominal.

Unable to avoid this dilemma, the President decided to pin his hopes on a last line of defense: as long as Haldeman and Ehrlichman remain loyal, his full responsibility cannot be defined—but on the other hand he cannot exonerate himself. And will this line hold if the “cogs” decide, as they may, that the master of the cover-up has abandoned them? “As the main line of defense, Haldeman and Ehrlichman were charged with preventing the chain of command from passing through them into the Oval Room. But since no one above them would assume responsibility, they could not claim to be ‘cogs.’ The guilt would fall on them.” The key to the politics of cover-up is the avoidance of even the appearance of having given an order or to give it in a form that “allows more than one reading.”

But the more people reflect on Watergate—and they have had ample time to do so—the more they must conclude that someone had to put all these operations in motion; they were not self-starting. And since it is hard to believe that “cogs” would have initiated the cover-up on their own, it must be that the President is indeed responsible. Despite the conflicts and gaps and ambiguities, the evidence falls into place if it is assumed that the President knew of the cover-up, and approved it, and decided to gamble that he could count on the continued loyalty of his top aides. That he must protect them accounts for his latest refusal to release transcripts or summaries of the tapes, even though it means abandoning Operation Candor and incurring the risk that the Republicans may now abandon him. In short, as 1974 begins, President Nixon is not at the end of the road, but he is nearing it.

Government by Crisis

Capitalism thrives on growth and profits. These are its only imperatives. Consequently, once a course has been set it is pursued single-mindedly, straight ahead, with scanty or no built-in mechanism to change direction in the face of looming disasters. We seem incapable of coping with problems until the crisis state has been reached.

The chronically deteriorating railroad situation has been clearly perceived as a national hazard for at least two decades. Congress created Amtrak in 1970 as an experiment to see whether passenger travel by train could be resuscitated. Skeptics thought it looked more like a tentative move to relieve the railroads of any and all obligation to carry passengers. In fact, Amtrak’s first accomplishment was to cut service in half.

The fuel crisis wrought a near miracle. Some 87 per cent of intercity travel is still done by auto, and only 2 per cent by rail, but at Thanksgiving and Christmas-New Year Amtrak was unable to accommodate all the people who wanted to ride its largely decrepit cars.

Will it last? It is unlikely that we shall see the red carpet rolled out for an Amtrak Twentieth Century Limited but,

says Sen. Mike Mansfield, "About the only good thing to come out of the energy crisis is an opportunity for Amtrak to expand."

In carrying freight the railroads are in better shape: they are still handling 38 per cent of the nation's intercity ton-miles cargo. But they should be carrying more. Railroads move more than three times as much freight per gallon of fuel as large trucks, and their emissions are less than one-third as polluting. But of the \$28 billion of public moneys spent in 1973 for support of transportation, more than 86 per cent went for highways, less than one-tenth of one per cent for railroads.

Big corporations plan their own operations, often quite efficiently; just now, for instance, they are laying in ample supplies of fuel, on the principle of each for himself and the devil take the hindmost. But they are incapable of planning for the nation's necessities. Nor is the government, as presently constituted, any better in this respect. *Fortune* (January 1974) reports in an article by Juan Cameron, "Reaching for an Energy Policy: Years of Drift, Weeks of Panic," on a meeting of the recently formed Cabinet-level emergency action group. The debate was disorganized and unruly. President Nixon sat silent and seemingly detached. After forty minutes he departed.

The inherent weaknesses of capitalism, its inability to steer itself away from socially disastrous policies, can only be compensated by a national leadership that knows how the system works, and is skillful in applying fiscal incentives and penalties. This Administration lacks both the understanding of the dangers and the desire to take necessary actions to avoid them. It has been, and still is, totally absorbed in the desperate application of cosmetics to its political image. Meanwhile, material shortages and crises in numerous sectors of the economy are multiplying and spreading unattended. We are approaching ground zero.

Pool It!

In a way the fuel crisis is a test of democracy—whether we have a society sufficiently cohesive so that people will face a national crisis in a spirit of cooperation, instead of fighting one another. In metropolitan Los Angeles, the city reputed to be most dependent on the automobile, people seem pleased to be able to try their own thinking and ingenuity, rather than wait around for Washington to do something sensible for a change.

The *Los Angeles Times* reports a share-a-ride campaign aimed at commuters, shoppers and others, with the eventual aim of getting a million people—about 25 per cent of the work force in the five-county Los Angeles region—into car pools. The Automobile Club of Southern California, traditionally dedicated to promoting motoring, and the more the merrier, is now working on a region-wide effort to promote ride sharing. The U.S. Department of Transportation and various public and private agencies are joining in the campaign. The Auto Club expects, by late March or early April, to have in operation a computerized "match-up" system for making car pools fast, attractive and economical. In a region of traffic jams, speed is of course crucial and one idea, which is being tried out experimentally, on the San Diego Freeway, is to

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reserve a lane for car-pool drivers. Companies are offering preferential employee parking for pool cars.

A dent can be made in the smog problem if there are fewer cars belching exhaust fumes on the freeways and feeder roads. There are also inherent economic advantages. The *Times* writer cites estimates indicating that a 10-mile commuter trip, if the driver travels alone, costs \$2.64. If four persons share the cost, it amounts to only 66¢ apiece. Another scheme involves operating a kind of taxi service. A clerk in a downtown office is said to be augmenting his income by \$35 a week, hauling commuters in his eight-passenger van.

A strange social phenomenon emerges in the effort to substitute bus commuting, with all its obvious advantages, over the private automobile. The latter has been serving as a status symbol, and a businessman seen riding the bus to his office was thought to be slipping. But according to Rep. Bill Frenzel of Minnesota, an accountant named Eric Wilson is getting rid of his 1972 Mustang, in which he had been driving 16 miles each morning to his office in downtown Minneapolis. "I started riding the bus," Mr. Wilson confesses, "because I saw a neighbor riding one. He owns his own business and there are three cars in his family. . . . Seeing him ride the bus helped me to get rid of the stigma attached to them. Now I wouldn't go back to driving—fuel shortage or not. It's more convenient and cheaper by bus."

The Gun Scandal

Tight federal gun-control legislation should be high on the agenda of Congress when it reconvenes on January 21. The old Congress stalled and stammered, huffed and puffed, and did nothing, and 1973 was not an election year. Predictably, therefore, the natural timidity and cowardice that afflicts Congress in an election year will be a key factor in this year's debate on guns, which Robert Sherrill correctly terms "the most remarkable Congressional debate of modern times." In the ten years since President Kennedy's assassination all that Congress has managed to accomplish are the feeble restrictions of the 1968 legislation which, despite the controls imposed on "long guns," rifles and shotguns, and mail order sales, failed to cope with the problem of handguns. Today there are probably 50 million more guns loose in the land than there were in 1963.

The debate on guns is indeed remarkable and for two basic reasons. In the first place, the case for tight federal gun controls is—no pun intended—bulletproof. The relevant facts have been confirmed in a series of investigations, public and private, and many special studies. Over the last decade this flood of material has been made available to the Congress, the press and the public. There is really no dispute about the facts or what they prove. In his brilliant study (*The Saturday Night Special*, Charterhouse Publishers), Sherrill marshals the facts, examines the arguments, and savagely deflates the myths, lies and distortions—"the categorical bilge, historical cant, bogus piety and flimsy sociology"—used to justify continued Congressional indifference to what has become a national scandal. *Claim*: Holdup men would use other weapons if guns were not available. *Response*: A former stickup

man in Joliet prison comments: "with a gun in your hand, it's easier to control the situation. . . . I mean, man, you can't go in with a broomstick." *Claim*: Guns are vital for the protection of home and store. *Response*: Most gun casualties result not from self-defense but over trivial family and neighborhood arguments, disputes over parking space, raking leaves, traffic accidents and the like. True, other weapons might be used, but guns kill people more easily than do knives or rolling pins.

American per capita gun ownership is many times greater than that of any other free country. Granted the existence of cultural and historical differences, lax gun controls must be part of the explanation of why our murder rate is sixteen times that of Finland, 120 times that of Sweden, and 369 times that of Norway. Firearms are used in 65 per cent of murders in this country but guns were used in only 4 per cent of Japan's murders in 1972. Violation of Japan's strict prohibition against possession of handguns can be punished by five years in prison. Yet despite this mountainous accumulation of evidence, Congress seems incapable of resolving the decade-long debate. Seventy per cent of the public would like to see tighter federal gun controls, so the real scandal is not that the civilian population is so heavily armed but that Congress continues to duck the issue.

Here, too, there is no dispute (see article by Rep. Michael J. Harrington, page 41 this issue). Congress is afraid of the powerful gun lobby and the related interests it represents. Gun owners spend \$2 billion a year, at a minimum, and that is not peanuts. But the gun lobby also has far-ranging alliances; it ties in with all sorts of interests. The pressures these groups can exert are enormous. Currently, for example, the Sportsmen's Alliance of Michigan is trying to bludgeon the YWCA, by a systematic campaign aimed at cutting off its sources of funds, into reversing its present stand which favors tighter gun controls.

The problem, in brief, is strictly political. If Congress is not to surrender once again to the gun lobby then certain actions must be taken. In default of Presidential leadership—President Nixon is in the pocket of the gunmen—leadership must come from Congress. But it will not come from Congress unless a massive lobbying effort is organized. Members up for election must be made aware of the potential popular backlash on the issue. A broad coalition of interests favoring tighter federal controls should be formed. The forces are available—mayors, city governments, police and fire departments, etc. Strong popular support exists; it is simply not organized.

Tax Bribes Don't Work

"We need the tapes," lamented ecologist Barry Commoner on *The Dick Cavett Show* the other night. He was saying that to chart our way out of the energy shortage, we need to know what the oil companies have, and where. But the companies aren't telling.

What Mr. Commoner and most others seem to forget is that at this very moment, all over the country, there are public officials with the legal mandate to get precisely this information. They are state and local property tax

assessors. Energy resources like coal and oil are as much property as a house and its furniture. Assessors are supposed to locate and value them accurately.

In fact, of course, the mineral owners have co-opted the property tax system, just as they have every other facet of government with which they intersect. In Texas, local assessors contract out the task of appraising oil property to an engineering firm that frequently works for the oil companies themselves. A preliminary survey by Texas law students in 1970 found that much oil was either grossly undervalued or not on the tax rolls at all. Throughout Appalachia, assessors dutifully list on the tax rolls the figures the mineral companies give them. One assessor in Claiborne County, Tennessee, saved himself the trouble by just pasting in the coal company's submission.

When Tennessee began a statewide reappraisal, it contracted the work out to "mass appraisal" firms like Cole-Layer-Trumble [see "The Appraisal Conglomerates: What's Wrong with the Property Tax" by Peter Gruenstein, *The Nation*, May 7, 1973], whose sister firm, American Appraisal, Inc., does appraisals for many top corporations on the *Fortune* Five Hundred list. Coal and mineral property, though worth millions, was specifically excluded from the contracts.

Had our states been more diligent in their property tax assessing, we would already have the "tapes."

But there is more. The energy shortage should make us rethink our popular notions about the property tax. It was political cant in both camps in 1972 to condemn the levy (Nixon was much more successful in avoiding income than property taxes—could that be a reason?). The way we apply the tax to homeowners and renters of modest means may indeed need revision. Nevertheless, the property tax can be made to work as one of the best anti-monopoly tools around.

The economics are simple. When you tax an asset—any asset—you make it expensive to hoard. The owner is moved to *use* the asset to generate revenue to pay the taxes. When there is no property tax, or when the assets are grossly underassessed, just the opposite occurs. Owners hoard their assets until the "price is right." It's cheap to do so. And they buy up as much as they can—monopolize supply—without fear of incurring holding costs.

As we confront energy monopoly, and possibly contrived shortages, perhaps we could take a cue from the Australians. Around the turn of the century they devised a *progressive* property tax—rates increasing with size of holdings—to help break up large estates and give more people a chance to own land. We could use the same device to control the energy monopoly.

Would we endanger the environment by encouraging resource owners to use instead of hoard? We have learned the hard way that *not* taxing these owners fails to protect anything—except themselves. Strip mining is rampant; land use is a disaster. Only direct controls can stop them. Tax bribes just don't work.

In short, one way to attack the energy shortage is through a dose of tax law and order: to start enforcing the state laws that say property should be assessed and taxed (strengthening the laws where necessary). We would get information on what resources are where. We would urge more supply onto the market. We would encourage

more diverse ownership of energy resources. And hard-pressed state and local governments would get a revenue bonus as well.

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The Compleat Capitalist

"We would have a new prosperity, in my opinion, if we quit throwing billions down the drain in foreign military spending." So says Cyrus Eaton who, at 90, is out of bed at 6 A.M. every business day, and at his office by 8:30. He has won and lost fortunes; his current net worth is estimated at a minimum of \$100 million—perhaps as high as \$200 million. He has outlived his enemies and seen the vindication of most of his ideas. Because he refused to be a Russia hater, his patriotism was questioned, but on December 27, his birthday, he was saluted as Cleveland's first citizen. At a White House reception for Leonid Brezhnev in June 1973, Nixon stood with one arm around the Soviet leader and the other around Eaton. "This is the man," he said to Brezhnev, "who has been preaching friendship and trade for twenty years—I have only started recently."

Eaton is distinguished from run-of-the-mill capitalists by his lack of ideology and the confusions it often engenders. He was friendly with Khrushchev because both believed in coexistence and *rapprochement* between the two superstates. No doubt Eaton disapproves of ideological repression as he sees it in the Soviet Union, but that is the problem of the Soviet regime and continued isolation will not improve it. The capitalist fraternity in the United States is hamstrung in its thinking and planning because it wears ideological blinders and neglects the identity of objectives that underlies both the capitalist and Communist systems. Both are intensely materialistic: the good life, here on earth, is what most people want. Few really believe they will get it in the hereafter. Eaton is no militant atheist, but his eschatology is close to that of the Soviet leaders. "Under the influence of Darwin, Huxley and John Morley," he says, "I have concluded that the only heaven we have is here on earth and that is why I want to make it a paradise for all its inhabitants."

Liberal capitalists are few and far between, but they are by no means an endangered species. Gerard Swope, president of General Electric Co., sponsored the Institute of Pacific Relations and defied the Un-American Activities Committee. E.T. Weir, the steel magnate, pamphleteered against the cold war and used his influence with President Eisenhower to prevent, for the time being, American involvement in Southeast Asia. Thomas A. Edison, a capitalist as well as an inventor, circulated the works of Tom Paine. In labor relations Henry Ford was no liberal, but he tried to stop World War I with his "peace ship."

As a realist, Eaton tries to go to the heart of a problem. It was clear to him that the overwhelming danger in U.S.-Soviet enmity and the arms race was a nuclear showdown. Hence his early sponsorship of the meetings of Soviet and American scientists at Pugwash, Nova Scotia, where he was born. He was confident that regular

discussions by scientists of the two superpowers would tend to facilitate understanding, mitigate hostilities, and reduce the danger of a third World War.

In 1969 Eaton and his wife traveled to Hanoi and met the North Vietnamese leaders. He denounced President Nixon and Henry Kissinger as "insincere" in their professed desire for peace. He has visited the Soviet Union repeatedly. When he was offered the Lenin Peace Prize he accepted it. He was decorated with the Order of Bernardo O'Higgins by Allende's Chile. He entertains Communist visitors from abroad at his 860-acre estate south of Cleveland, and even right-wing Clevelanders, having failed to detect signs of subversion in the region, are no longer agitated at such intrusions.

Eaton remains a free-wheeling capitalist heretic. He

deals sympathetically with unions "to protect my own position as a capitalist." He wants corporations to admit representatives of workers to their boards of directors. He advocates bilingual education in Canada. His interest in Canadian-American relations was a factor in the building of the St. Lawrence Seaway; from earlier creative efforts one can trace his opposition to militarism and hostility between nations whose peoples can only be ruined by war and are constantly paying in taxes for the military establishments which imperil rather than defend them. What Cyrus Eaton's unorthodox career proves is that a man can do his own thinking, face the future with confidence, take steps toward the reconciliation of divergent regimes, and remain a capitalist. Indeed there are those who refer to him as our "last capitalist."

THE PARIS AGREEMENT

BREAKING FAITH IN VIETNAM

RICHARD A. FALK

With the upsurge of fighting in South Vietnam and the possibility of renewed direct American intervention, it is critical that the Paris Agreement establishing the cease-fire be rehabilitated. That requires a willingness on the part of the U.S. Government to take an even-handed view of its implementation, especially with respect to the rights accorded the insurgent forces represented at Paris by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam (PRG). The essence of the bargain at Paris was to provide the PRG with a nonmilitary alternative to achieve its political goals. Saigon, with American backing, has not allowed this nonmilitary alternative to be translated from the negotiating halls of Paris to the life of South Vietnam. This refusal is what puts the Paris solution in such grave peril.

In presenting the Paris Agreement of 1973 on January 23, Henry Kissinger acknowledged that the arrangement left "open to negotiation, among the parties, the political evolution of South Vietnam and therefore, the definition of what ultimately will be considered by all South Vietnamese the legitimate ruler." Indeed, as Kissinger pointed out on the same occasion, the identity of the legitimate ruler "is what the civil war has been all about."

It seems clear that the essence of the bargain negotiated at Paris was that the civil war would stop, to be replaced by negotiations between the PRG and the government of the Republic of Vietnam (RVN), i.e., the administration of General Thieu. In this regard, the provisions of the Agreement are definite in their insistence that conditions be created to permit the substitution of political struggle for military struggle. Article 4 pro-

hibits U.S. intervention in South Vietnamese internal affairs. Articles 5 and 6 call for the "total withdrawal" of American advisers and paramilitary personnel and "the dismantlement" of U.S. military bases. Article 8(c) calls for negotiation looking toward the release of political prisoners within ninety days. Article 11 establishes the necessary civil liberties for political competition, including freedom of speech, press, movement and assembly. Article 12 calls for the formation of a three-part National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, and assigns it the responsibility to organize national elections designed to select a South Vietnamese Government that commands allegiance from the entire population. That would satisfy Kissinger's goal of finding out—by political, rather than military means—who is the legitimate ruler of South Vietnam.

Unfortunately, these expectations embodied in the Paris Agreement have not been satisfied. The cease-fire has been persistently violated. According to reliable estimates, close to 20,000 U.S. advisers are helping Saigon stay in power. Political prisoners, estimated by the cautious Amnesty International to number 100,000 and placed by other qualified observers at 200,000 or more, have not been released. The Thieu regime has clamped down harder than ever on civil liberties of the sort guaranteed in Article 11. No National Council of National Reconciliation has been formed and general elections under impartial auspices do not seem in the offing. Thieu has never made much secret of his refusal to abide by the terms of the Paris Agreement; Saigon's violations have been flagrant, numerous and pervasive. To the extent that the real peace was to be brought about by a cease-fire followed by negotiations between the two South Vietnamese parties, the Paris Agreement must be viewed as a failure. Today, there is heavy fighting and no negotiations.

At the same time, the Paris framework has not en-

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tirely collapsed. The PRG, North Vietnam, and indeed the United States, have not formally repudiated the Agreement and still call for its enforcement. Explicit intervention by the United States has not yet occurred, but in the corridors of the Pentagon and State Department there are ominous murmurings about resumed U.S. bombing and \$225 million in the fiscal 1974 budget has been specifically reserved for the purpose. One key to whether the situation is allowed to slide back into full-scale war with U.S. participation is whether foreign governments and international institutions respect the basic concept embodied in the Paris Agreement of treating the PRG and RVN equally.

An unusual juridical situation exists in South Vietnam: two governments have juridical status, but neither has an assured claim to any given portion of South Vietnamese territory. Both are, in Kissinger's sense, provisionally legitimate, since neither has been selected by a process of general elections organized under impartial auspices of the sort contemplated in Article 12(b) of the Agreement. The North Vietnamese chief negotiator, Le Duc Tho, took direct account of the dual sovereignty situation when he observed, in his news conference on January 24, 1973, that "the situation in Vietnam is characterized by the existence of two administrations, of two armies, of two differently controlled public zones . . . and this is well reflected in the clauses of the agreement and in the course of the negotiations." PRG spokesman Ly Van Sau also confirmed this interpretation by saying, "The recognition of the PRG is also a fact of the Agreement because the PRG is a signatory as an equal party, as a foreign minister, and in the Agreement there are many mentions of the two South Vietnamese parties. That is to say the PRG and Saigon."

The RVN and the United States have pursued a quite different line of approach on this question of PRG status. Despite the Paris Agreement, Saigon purports to be the sole government of South Vietnam. A revealing chain of events last summer illustrates the difference in approach between the PRG and RVN. In July 1973, Senegal accorded formal recognition to the PRG, despite its prior diplomatic relations with the RVN. The RVN Foreign Ministry condemned Senegal for interfering in South Vietnamese internal affairs and the RVN ambassador in Dakar protested to Senegal that the RVN was in reality "the only legal and constitutional government of South Vietnam." President Senghor reaffirmed for a second time Senegal's recognition of the PRG, whereupon Saigon broke diplomatic relations with Senegal. South Vietnamese spokesmen have recently indicated that they will in the future break diplomatic relations with any country that follows the Senegalese path—in effect, proclaiming their own Hallstein Doctrine. Nguyen Huu Tho, president of the NLF and a principal leader of the PRG, has indicated, by contrast, that recognition of both the RVN and PRG would be acceptable (*Le Monde*, September 21, 1973).

The United States has followed a somewhat more cautious approach, but one that basically reinforces Saigon's claim to exclusivity, and thereby subverts an essential element of the Paris Agreement. Even before the Paris Agreement was signed, President Nixon indicated that "the United States will continue to recognize the govern-

ment of the Republic of Vietnam as the sole legitimate government of South Vietnam." This basic U.S. position has been reiterated many times in recent months. A State Department spokesman explained that "the so-called PRG does not have a capital, does not have any outward manifestations that made it feasible to be called a government." (*The New York Times*, February 6, 1973.)

The American position has two separate elements: first, the discretionary decision to recognize the RVN but withhold recognition from the PRG. Many governments recognize the PRG but not the RVN and therefore it is hard to see how the refusal to treat the two parties equally for diplomatic purposes violates the letter of the Paris Agreement; second, the rationale for the decision based on denying governmental attributes to the PRG. On this, it seems, the American position is weak, since the PRG participated in the diplomatic ceremonies surrounding the Paris Agreement and in such subsequent diplomatic events as signing the ten-power text resulting from the Paris International Guarantees Conference in February 1973 and the communiqué issued by the four original parties to the Paris Agreement on June 13, 1973 calling for "scrupulous implementation of all provisions" of the original bargain. The PRG in these diplomatic contexts participated on a level of absolute juridical parity with the RVN. After accepting the PRG in such settings, it seems unreasonable for the United States now to question the PRG's governmental status.

The PRG's claim to governmental character is also confirmed by the fact that as of November 1973 it has been recognized as the sole legitimate government of South Vietnam by thirty-nine countries, and has official information bureaus in five others. In addition to Communist countries, the main Arab governments and a steadily increasing number of African countries recognize the PRG. At the 1972 nonaligned conference in Guyana, the PRG was declared to be the authentic governmental entity of South Vietnam, and the PRG represented South Vietnam at the 1973 Algiers nonaligned conference of sixty countries. On these grounds, it seems evident that the PRG enjoys governmental status. From a juridical perspective it is also clear that the RVN is entitled to similar status. Fifty governments recognize the RVN as the government of South Vietnam, it participated as a government in the various diplomatic settings arising out of the Paris Agreement, and the Thieu regime clearly maintains a governmental presence in South Vietnam. Therefore, it would seem reasonable to regard the PRG and RVN as enjoying equivalent claims to juridical status, a view that corresponds to the unresolved political and military struggle and to the dual controls over various portions of territory in South Vietnam.

The issue of juridical status has extreme practical importance at the present time. There are rumors and reports that various international lending institutions (e.g., the World Bank) and several European governments are considering large "soft" loans to the Saigon regime. Thieu is also making continuing efforts to attract foreign investment by offering resource concessions, especially offshore oil, at bargain rates, which presupposes the capacity of the RVN to act for all of South Vietnam. The viability

of the Thieu regime is dependent on its capacity to shore up its tottering economy by receiving development loans and investment income. When Thieu visited President Nixon in April 1973 their joint communiqué was explicit: "The two Presidents agreed that in order to attain the stated economic goals as quickly as possible, the Republic of Vietnam will need greater external economic assistance in the initial years of the postwar era." Nixon then pledged U.S. economic assistance and added in the communiqué of April 3 that he "recognized that the economic development and self-sufficiency of South Vietnam depended to a significant extent on its ability to promote and attract foreign investment." "The two Presidents expressed their earnest hope that other nations as well as international institutions will act promptly on a positive and concerted program of international assistance to the Republic of Vietnam."

Despite massive U.S. aid the Saigon government is in severe economic trouble. There is rampant unemployment in the cities (approximately 20 to 25 per cent), runaway inflation (the price index rose 31 per cent in the first seven months of 1973 and the cost of rice rose 45 per cent); the piaster has been valued downward nine times in the last two years. Trade deficits are large (imports exceed exports by a ratio of 20 to 1, and the deficit in 1973 was expected to be about \$740 million, which is almost the size of the Saigon budget), and 53 per cent of the national budget of \$870 million goes for national defense (with another 6.8 per cent for police and prisons). To get a feeling of the magnitudes, it should be appreciated that American aid during the last fiscal year was \$2.5 billion, or three times the size of Saigon's budget, and of this amount 76 per cent went for military purposes.

In direct violation of the Paris Agreement the United States is pouring military equipment into South Vietnam that does not even purport to be of the replacement character allowed by the Paris Agreement. Perhaps the most blatant American violation is the announced intention to provide 100 F-5E fighter bombers to Saigon by the end of 1974 in place of the older F-5s. According to Air Force sources, the new plane "has greater maneuverability, greater range, shorter takeoff distance and greater speed and payload than the previous F-5s." (*The New York Times*, November 30, 1973.) The F-5E would give South Vietnam, U.S. officials contend, "a decided edge" in dogfights with MIG-19s and MIG-21s possessed by the North Vietnamese Air Force. The point here is that the United States has openly flouted a central feature of the Paris Agreement and has not been called to account.

On the basis of this analysis the structure of the Paris Agreement is on the verge of collapse. The guaranteeing powers who pledged themselves to uphold the Agreement are taking no steps to secure implementation. The two sides in South Vietnam have been unable to negotiate a process whereby the struggle on the battlefield could be shifted to the ballot box. At the same time, the PRG has not yet repudiated the cease-fire, nor has it yet expanded its military actions beyond defensive measures needed to hold territory. One supposes that

this restraint is not philanthropic, but is closely related to their belief that the Thieu regime will mismanage the economy to such a grotesque extent as to antagonize public opinion, generate increasing disaffection and opposition, and possibly bring on its own collapse. PRG and North Vietnamese official publications have continued to emphasize adherence to the Paris cease-fire and to base their hopes on the growing economic difficulties of Saigon. Such a posture is not the conception embodied in the Paris Agreement, but it is far preferable to a resumed full-scale war. This posture would be imperiled, however, if foreign governments and international lending institutions were to violate the spirit and letter of the Paris Agreement by discriminating in favor of the RVN, thereby intervening in South Vietnam's internal affairs. At such a point the PRG would have virtually no alternative but to resume reliance on a pure military strategy.

In actuality, the default of the United States on its Paris obligations is flagrant because it accepted a specific commitment in Article 4 to refrain from intervention in the internal affairs of South Vietnam. Under present circumstances, given nonimplementation of the political portions of the Paris Agreement, massive economic aid to Thieu is a fundamental interference in the natural dynamics of South Vietnamese national self-determination.

Those governments pledged to support the Paris Agreement as a result of their participation in the International Guarantees Conference have a particular obligation to refrain from economic assistance to Saigon, at least in the absence of equivalent grants of assistance to the PRG. Other governments, as well, which hailed the Paris Agreement or which oppose renewal of full-scale war in South Vietnam, would serve the cause of peace and justice by translating the juridical equality of the PRG and RVN into operational terms of nondiscrimination in aid-giving or loan-granting contexts. The same analysis applies, but in even stronger terms, to international lending institutions; it would be a clear interference in internal affairs to help Saigon in a substantial way without rendering equivalent assistance to the PRG.

Pacific Basin Reports, an American investment service, states in its July 1, 1973 issue that South Vietnam has given initial offshore oil concessions to Exxon, Shell and Mobil, and will open bidding on others later on. The terms seem tied to local corruption: large payoffs to Saigon, generals being brought into the deals with so-called "signature bonuses"—and production bonuses if oil is found. The PRG protested that these concessions were "entirely illegal" and in violation of the Paris Agreement. Given the factual and juridical status of dual sovereignty, the correct view does seem to be that neither the RVN nor the PRG alone has the legal capacity to enter into binding economic relationships that involve the natural resources of South Vietnam as a whole. Perhaps joint action of the two governments would have valid legal effect.

Article 7 of the Final Act of the International Conference of Guarantees provides for reconvening if requested jointly by the United States and North Vietnam or by any six signatory governments (United States, France, PRG, Hungary, Indonesia, Poland, DRV, United Kingdom, RVN, Russia, Canada, China). It would seem

helpful at this stage to invoke the Article 7 procedures to take account of the dangerous new situation in South Vietnam in the following main respects:

¶Declare the nonimplementation of political provisions and seek a new procedure to achieve effective action on critical points or to assign responsibility for nonagreement.

¶Declare that a condition of juridical equality exists between the PRG and the RVN that creates a situation of dual sovereignty.

¶Formulate a set of guidelines as to equal or non-

discriminatory treatment of the two governmental entities in South Vietnam with respect to aid and loans by foreign governments or international institutions.

¶Formulate an investment code that requires both the PRG and RVN to participate jointly in the creation of any valid arrangements with foreign investors.

A constructive approach to these four areas of concern might avoid yet another Vietnamese blood bath. At least, the international community is obliged to make this minimal effort. □

THE POLITICS OF GUN CONTROL

REP. MICHAEL J. HARRINGTON

In April 1971, a special assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury named G. Gordon Liddy represented the Administration in a panel at the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association. Liddy, described by the NRA's magazine the *American Rifleman* as an "attorney, conservationist, and pistol shooter," told his audience that the Administration opposed gun registration and had established an "open, clear dialogue" between the White House and the firearms field. "High ranking members of the White House staff," he pointed out, "have already held two mutually helpful conferences at the White House with representatives of firearms organizations, manufacturers, and gun publications."

The NRA and its allies are doing well in their battle to frustrate advocates of gun control in this country. Yet it seems to me that the so-called gun lobby remains an enigma to its opponents, who feel on much firmer ground in analyzing the oil lobby, the dairy lobby, the highway lobby and the AMA. Most lobbies represent readily definable business interests, and that makes them easy to understand and criticize. General knowledge of the gun lobby is more limited: its sources of funds, the nature of its political tactics, the base of its membership—even its motives—are difficult to pin down.

The lobby's shadowy image is perhaps one major reason that the issue of gun control itself is so perplexing. Environmentalists have won some modest victories over the oil companies in the 1970s, and consumer advocates have forced some setbacks on the car manufacturers, but citizen activists have made little headway on gun control. To understand why, it is necessary to consider not only the lobby but the qualities of pro-control advocates, the attitudes of the American public, and the nature of Congressional response to organized and disorganized group interests.

Founded in 1871 by some officers of the New York National Guard—who had been distressed by the ineptitude of Northern riflemen during the Civil War—

the National Rifle Association today numbers more than a million dues-paying members. That makes it larger than all but three of the country's labor unions (the Teamsters, the Steelworkers and the UAW) and more than three times as big as Common Cause. The association operates out of its own modern 8-story structure in Scott Circle in Washington, where it employs a full-time staff of 250, maintains communications with 11,500 affiliated clubs, works on programs in marksmanship and firearms safety, plans and sponsors thousands of annual shooting tournaments, and publishes the *American Rifleman*. As the governing body of competitive rifle and pistol shooting in the United States, the NRA sponsors the big annual tournament for gunmen, the National Matches. Because of its semi-official status, the association also selects the rifle and pistol teams who represent the United States in the World Olympics and the Pan-American games. Its impressive range of activities is backed by assets of \$19 million and an annual budget of almost \$8 million.

The association is not the sum of the gun lobby armada, however, but rather its highly visible and imposing flagship. Central to the lobby's unapparent economic power are the country's gun manufacturers (Remington Arms, Winchester, Browning Arms, Colt Industries, Smith and Wesson, Savage Arms, Sturn-Ruger, Daisy) and gun dealers (New York's dignified Abercrombie & Fitch, Interarmco in Virginia), which do an estimated annual business of \$1.5 billion. The gun industry's financial support is essential to the NRA, since 22 per cent of the NRA's annual income flows from manufacturer and dealer advertising in *American Rifleman*.

The industry's money also goes directly into the treasuries of sympathetic politicians. When Common Cause successfully sued the Committee to Re-Elect the President last September to force identification of secret campaign donors, a total of \$345,000 was recorded from dominant shareholders of a single gun manufacturing interest—the Olin Mathieson Corp., whose Winchester-Western Division is one of the country's two largest gun makers. This dollar figure made Olin the fourth largest known source of contributions to the committee during the period before April 7, 1972, at which time new disclosure requirements went into effect.

Also charter members of the gun lobby are an astonish-

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ing number of national hunting and sporting publications (*Field & Stream*, with an annual circulation of 1.5 million; *Guns and Ammo*, with 200,000; *Shooting Times*, *Sports Afield*, *Trap and Field*, *Shooting Industry*, *Argosy*, *Guns and Hunting*, *Gunsport*, *Gun World*, *Guns*), all of them pipe lines to the 21 million Americans who participate in hunting, and all of them recipients of advertising revenue from the firearms industry.

Surprisingly, the lobby includes conservation and wildlife preservation groups like the National Wildlife Federation, the Wildlife Management Institute, the Isaac Walton League, and numerous state wildlife and conservation departments. The key to this improbable environmental link is also economic—firearms hunters spend about \$72 million a year on hunting licenses and \$27 million a year in federal excise taxes on guns and ammunition, most of which is committed by state laws to conservation and wildlife programs.

Finally, the membership of the NRA includes hundreds of state and local political leaders, more than twenty-five Congressmen, and the President of the United States, who became a "life member" in 1957 and who remains officially on the rolls, though the Administration claims he resigned after the 1968 election.

Despite these varied and impressive trappings of power, the most formidable source of the gun lobby's clout lies in its grass-roots following—those million NRA members, 21 million hunters and an estimated 60 million American households which have guns. For the most part, these people are decent and law-abiding, and the importance they attach to firearms defies the arguments of gun-control proponents in Congress and elsewhere.

The views of those who oppose gun control are easy to describe: people have the right to bear arms for pleasure and self-protection without interference from big government; criminals will get guns despite gun-control laws; all gun-control proposals—whether they advocate registration, licensing, record keeping, or anything else—are undesirable because they will lead inevitably to other more restrictive measures.

Gun-control opponents promote these beliefs through several methods.

They make use of political contacts in the executive branch and Congress, as the Gordon Liddy incident illustrates.

They use campaign contributions from sources like the Olin Corp.

They put the pressure on opposing groups. This past June, *American Rifleman*, in an editorial entitled, "Say Goodbye to the Y?," reported that the YWCA "had thrown its full feminine weight" behind gun control at its annual assembly. The group's decision "may turn out to be a self-inflicted financial problem," the *Rifleman* observed. "The Sportsmen's Alliance of Michigan, a highly active and vocal organization of gun owners, has already expressed the view that its members should refrain from contributing to community drives whose proceeds go in part to supporting the YWCA. Others may follow suit." They may indeed, but they probably wouldn't have if the magazine hadn't given the ploy national circulation.

They use their extensive media connections to misstate the details of proposed bills, and to play to fears about race, government domination and subversion by radicals. In July 1965, when the modest proposals to regulate mail-order sales were first proposed in the Senate, *Guns and Ammo* ran an article called "The Real Facts Behind S. 1592" which began, "If you, as a collector, hunter, target shooter, gun dealer, gunsmith, or small manufacturer, wish to lose your rights to own guns, to go hunting, target shooting, or deal in firearms, read no further. This bill will ultimately confiscate your guns, and make it impossible for you to hunt or stay in business."

In fact, the 1965 proposal, which was not enacted into law until three years later, was a thoroughly mild reform. All persons selling firearms are now required to obtain a federal license, the interstate sale of firearms through the mails is prohibited, and the possession of firearms by certain people—including convicted criminals, aliens residing illegally in the United States, and mental incompetents—is forbidden. The law poses no threat whatsoever to respectable collectors, hunters, target shooters, gun dealers, gunsmiths or small manufacturers.

Later that year, after the Watts rioting, *Guns and Ammo* editorialized, "In the final analysis, rampaging hoodlumism such as experienced in Los Angeles, Chicago and other major cities may yet be a blessing in disguise which will do a great deal to preserve our precious right to keep and bear arms."

But most of all, the lobby stirs an avalanche of grass-roots sentiment, usually in the form of letters. Ultimately, as I suggested earlier, it is the lobby's outside following, rather than its inside connections, that most effectively discourages Congressional action. The lobby's ability to elicit letters from its constituency is phenomenal.

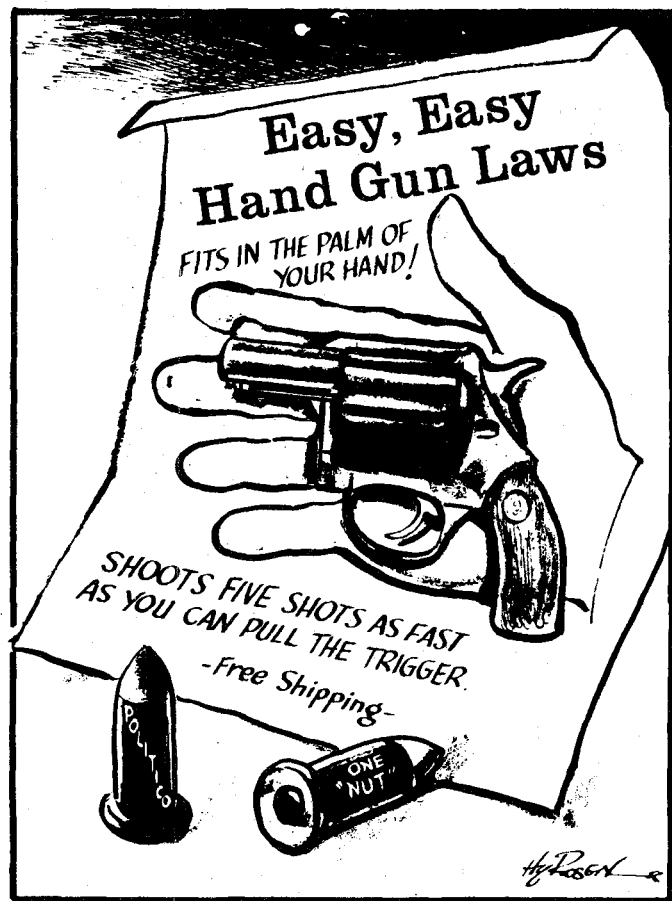
During the 1965 controversy, for example, the NRA sent a bulletin to all its members, urging them to write the President and Congress about the mail-order bill. "Write now," urged the NRA, "or it may be too late." Included with the letter was a list of instructions, entitled, "How to Write Your Letter." The bulletin featured exhortations like, "Do not doubt for one second the effectiveness of your one voice," and "If the battle is lost, it will be your loss and that of all who follow you."

Guns and Ammo chimed in, saying in its August issue, "Nothing impresses an elected lawmaker as much as a massive amount of mail from people who vote in his district. It is the one proven way to persuade a legislator to act."

Journalist Richard Harris describes in *The New Yorker* the results the association's bulletin produced:

During the month preceding the campaign set off by the NRA, the White House received fifty letters on S. 1592 [the Senate bill], divided just about equally pro and con. During the following month, it received 12,000 letters, all but a few opposing the bill. Within two weeks after Orth [an official of the NRA] alerted his followers, the Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency [which was handling S. 1592] got 1,400 letters, forty-seven of them favoring the bill, and the Commerce Committee [also considering the legislation] got over 2,000, four of them favoring it.

The reaction was predictable. Sen. Jacob Javits was quoted as saying, "I have received an enormous amount of mail, really enormous, almost unbelievable, expressing opposition to this bill." Sen. Gale McGee of Wyoming said, "I can recall no issue, either international or domestic, in my tenure in the Senate that has aroused the people of Wyoming as this one."



Albany Times-Union (N.Y.)

Praise the Law and Pass the Ammunition!

Three years later, the deaths of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King triggered a temporary counter reaction in favor of gun control, but even then the lobby was so strong that the bill which finally passed was a much amended ghost of its former self. The lobby, however, still declared war on supporters of the 1968 measure, and chose its targets for political retribution accordingly. "Every Congressman who lost his seat in 1970 is convinced he lost because he voted for the gun-control bill," said Rep. Abner Mikva, a leading control advocate, who lost his own seat two years later. *American Rifleman*, in an article reviewing plusses and minuses of the 1970 elections, began the column by quoting Maryland's Joseph Tydings, another spokesman for control who had just lost his re-election fight in the Senate, as saying, "I suppose this will discourage others from taking on the gun lobby."

At this point in a discussion of gun control and Congress' failure to support it, control advocates can be expected to point out that, as early as April 1938, the

Gallup poll showed 84 per cent of the American public in favor of requiring firearms registration. In eight polls conducted by the Gallup organization between 1959 and 1972, posing the question, "Do you favor or oppose a law requiring a police permit to buy guns?," those in favor have never dropped below 68 per cent.

Given these polls, supporters of control say, the politician should realize that he has little to fear from the gun lobby, that the lobby simply looks bigger than it is by generating an intense reaction from its hard-core membership, and that, in fact, the case for gun control is almost universally conceded.

However, a special interest does not necessarily have to convince a politician that its positions reflect the feelings of the majority of voters in his district or state. In elections, politicians worry not only about the views of the majority but about the possible sources of the *margin* of victory or defeat. They believe that most of their constituents make up their minds according to their general perceptions of a variety of issues, and that supporting a concept like gun control is not likely, by itself, to win many additional votes. On the other hand, elected officials may sense that the anti-control voters mobilized by the gun lobby are apt to engage in a kind of bullet voting, and decide their voting preferences on the basis of the gun question alone. This view of gun-control opponents and other special interest voters, which is not calculated but intuitive, leads the politician to treat particular groupings in his area—union people, peace activists, members of particular professions—with great care, especially if they have a high degree of internal organization. Politicians want very much to avoid controversy, and will go a long way to placate people who harass them.

In that case, it may be asked, why haven't gun-control supporters organized to provide the margin of victory or defeat in the other direction? The answer, I think, is the same that explains why there is no well-organized group to oppose the oil interests on the depletion allowance or the medical-health establishment on national health insurance: "special interests" can focus resources and efforts, while the "general interest" is by definition broad, unfocused and difficult to defend.

The pro-gun control forces in this country tend to be governmental agencies and officials concerned with the entire area of crime prevention, religious and civic organizations whose primary activities lie elsewhere, "public interest" and "citizen action" groups designed to represent the public against the special interests but spread thin across the entire spectrum of political issues, and public figures who lend their names and time to the cause. Thus, in 1972 the Americans for Democratic Action assembled a coalition which included Detroit Mayor Roman Gribbs, the American Baptist Convention, Common Cause, the ACLU, the AFL-CIO, the UAW and the American Jewish Committee. In 1968, after the shock of the assassinations, former astronaut John Glenn chaired an "Emergency Committee for Gun Control" composed of people like Warren Beatty, Truman Capote, Joe DiMaggio, Vince Lombardi and Archibald Cox.

Both coalitions were modestly funded, loosely organized, and designed to self-destruct at the conclusion of

the particular legislative fight then being waged. The National Rifle Association, meanwhile, was going full steam before they started and after they disbanded.

Currently, consumer groups, tax reform groups, political reform groups and women's groups all see gun control as a desirable goal, but the issue falls in the chinks between each organization's specific program planks. "We're an organization of somewhat limited resources," an official of the National Women's Political Caucus said recently, "and we've had to devote those resources to matters directly affecting women's ability to participate in the political process. As far as gun control is concerned, I can't think of a time when the issue has even come up."

The only group which now exists solely to promote gun control and organize for its adoption is the National Council for a Responsible Firearms Policy, headed by David Steinberg. Steinberg is the most informed and thoughtful proponent of gun control in the country, but because the council is small and unable to attract substantial funds, he must serve as its only staff member in a part-time capacity. He circulates on Capitol Hill, consulting with committees and interested Congressmen, providing solitary counterbalance to the NRA's 250 employees on the other side of the issue.

Thus, members of Congress confront a situation in which a special interest is organized to threaten them with the margin of defeat, while the "public interest" is represented with tenacity and dedication, but without adequate backing. Under such circumstances, it might still be reasonable to expect our elected political leaders to *lead*, to take the dangerous but responsible policy position, and to find ways to educate and mobilize those substantial majorities who, according to the Gallup poll, agree with gun control.

In fact, quite often a politician may feel that he could defeat the economic, political and media strength of a given special interest—if he devoted a major part of his political capital to the effort. But very likely he will have a variety of such interests to cope with, and rather than take on all of them, he is apt to fall back to one of the first precepts of play-it-safe politics: people often don't give you credit for agreeing with them, but they never forget when you disagree. The politician, particularly the incumbent, is likely to settle for the *status quo* and keep his boats from rocking.

In my opinion, this outlook characterizes much of the behavior of Congress, which ordinarily takes so much time to see which way the wind is blowing that the storm is over before it ever acts—whether in response to the war in Vietnam, Presidential vetoes of social programs, or the gun situation.

Moreover, the Congressional inclination toward caution becomes more pronounced in the absence of Presidential pressure to act. The 1968 laws regulating mail-order sales passed only after President Johnson, acting through people like Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark, made the matter a legislative priority. Attitudes changed greatly in the White House after 1968, as I attempted to illustrate at the beginning of this article.

These points about interest group tactics and the re-

actions they draw from politicians are probably true for many controversies. But it seems to me that there are attributes of the gun question which make it distinct from, say, the oil lobby problem and the pharmaceutical lobby problem. While the gun lobby has many of the marks of a conventional special interest which sets out to frustrate a widely acknowledged "public interest," quite a few members of Congress are disturbed by the grass-roots element of the lobby, and the nagging apprehension, if not the outright conviction, that the voters in their areas are not telling Dr. Gallup everything he ought to know.

In weighing these apprehensions, it is important that intellectuals, journalists, reformers and politicians from the Northeast understand the regional dimensions of the gun issue. Almost everywhere else in the country—the South, the Midwest, the Far West, wherever rural influences are more pronounced—firearms are basic to the environment. According to Carl Bakal, a long-time writer on the gun question, an amazing 59 per cent of individuals in the South own a gun, compared to 34 per cent in the East. An aide to South Dakota Sen. James Abourezk told the *Chicago Tribune*, "Our constituency is very emotional about guns. Guns are a way of life and their attitude is, if you take away my guns, you'll take my wife next." The *Wall Street Journal* wrote, in an editorial, "Behind Gun-Control Furor: A Clash of Cultures," "The real pressure for gun control comes from cosmopolitan America, which sees it as the plainest common sense. The real resistance comes from the redoubts of bedrock America, which sees gun control as another symptom of encroachment by a new culture."

The rural area representatives who dominate the Congressional committee structure through the seniority system may very well feel they have ample reason to interpret those thousands of letters from gun-control opponents as being fairly representative of their constituents' convictions. To their minds, a "yes" or "no" question in a national poll about the specific idea of "police permits to buy guns" does not mirror the complicated feelings of the voters back home.

Similar conclusions have apparently been reached in the White House, where the Administration's ardent courtship of the National Rifle Association fits nicely into its "Southern strategy" and its appeals to "Middle America." To many politicians, as well as to many other observers, there appear to be a number of social and cultural factors in American life today which make broad, unambivalent public support of gun control unlikely.

One can begin by reciting the historical factors, unique to the United States—our nostalgia for the American frontier, reverence for self-reliance and individual strength, and insistence on a tough kind of masculinity in our country's males. In a quite pessimistic essay, *America as a Gun Culture*, historian Richard Hofstadter writes that "for millions of American boys, learning to shoot and above all graduating from toy guns and receiving the first real rifle of their own were milestones of life, veritable rites of passage that certified arrival at manhood."

These traditional inclinations have assumed a fresh tone of immediacy with the stunning growth of the na-

tion's crime rate. Millions of citizens genuinely fear their neighborhood streets after dark, and the notion of defending oneself and one's family, of "fighting back," rather than relying solely on the police, has apparently gained great appeal, despite the proven impracticality and ineffectuality of such efforts. Women enroll in self-defense courses, *New York* magazine chronicles the growth of citizen vigilante groups, Sen. William Proxmire evokes a national reaction when he stands up to two muggers who accost him during his jogging. "I wouldn't want to see a lot of gun-control laws," a young volunteer for a major women's rights organization remarks, "if it would deprive women of a means of defending themselves."

An additional current of feeling reinforces public reservations about gun control, a current which, if anything, is apt to grow stronger in light of Richard Nixon's disturbing use of Presidential power. "Another belief of American gun enthusiasts enjoys a wide currency in the United States, extending to a good many liberals, civil libertarians, and even radicals," historian Hofstadter remarks. "It is the idea that popular access to arms is an important counterpoise to tyranny."

A dozen years ago, invocation of this fear of centralized government as a reason for resisting gun control would have been dismissed as near paranoia. Now, while Professor Hofstadter rightly describes belief in the value of "popular access to arms" as both naive and dangerous, the suspicions behind the belief perhaps cannot be so easily argued away. Recent evidence has emerged of the government's illegally wiretapping newspapermen and its own officials, misusing data-bank information, burglarizing private offices, and spying on dissident groups. It isn't altogether surprising that many people might hesitate to accept assurances that the federal government would never abuse its regulatory powers over firearms.

The Christian Science Monitor, a consistent advocate of gun control, recently featured an article with the headline, "Many Gun Owners Distrust Government." When considerable numbers of citizens come to distrust the individuals they have democratically elected to office, that seems to me one of the greatest tragedies which can befall a democracy.

I have been most concerned with describing the nature of the gun lobby. Though I have not discussed

them here, the arguments for gun control—the statistics on the number of firearms homicides, the correlation in particular states between strict control laws and low firearms murder rates, and the history of effective gun control in England and other countries—are quite well known. A question remains: what can be done to advance the cause of gun control in the face of the forces I have been discussing?

A wholly satisfactory answer would require an additional article, but I can suggest some ways to begin. First, gun-control supporters should proceed with an awareness of the issue's complexities, and especially with respect and empathy for the concerns which motivate the grass-roots opposition.

Second, gun control should be made part of a tough, effective anti-crime program for the nation. Conventional liberal analyses of national issues have not been cohesive and convincing in the area of crime prevention; yet many Americans will hesitate at the most modest regulation of their firearms as long as they feel threatened by criminals.

Third, gun-control advocates should work to elect a President who will curb the federal government's increasing incursions into individual civil rights and liberties, as well as institute an anti-crime program which includes gun control. Given the imperfections of Congress and the regional strength of the gun lobby, strong national leadership on the issue must come from the Chief Executive.

The activist core of the gun lobby—the NRA, the manufacturers and dealers and the hunting and gun publications—will persist in fighting effective gun control. But the grass-roots element, essential to the lobby's continued strength, could, in my opinion, be persuaded of the merits of the pro-control position. These people have been grief-stricken by the assassinations of the last decade, believe in the responsible use of firearms, wish to be free of the fear of crime, and want to trust their government. In the past, liberal reformers have had trouble talking persuasively to "bedrock America" about gun control—or, for that matter, about the welfare problem, civil rights, dissent, the cities, the 1972 Presidential election and change in general. However, these are the people who have to be convinced; then progress in gun control could very likely follow. □

DEMOCRACY IN THE WORKPLACE

THE HUMAN FACTORIES

DAVID JENKINS

Paris

In an attempt to cool the explosive labor unrest in this country, the French Government is pushing through Parliament an expansive bouquet of bills designed to improve the quality of working life. Among other things, the legis-

lation will give workers the right to make management remedy unusually unsafe or inhuman working conditions; grant tax benefits to companies that distribute shares to employees; strengthen the mandatory profit-sharing system now in force; establish a state-run "national agency for the improvement of working conditions" to press for job reform, and protect employees from unjust dismissals. One of the more original notions is a require-

ment that companies draw up an annual report on their improvements of working conditions, which must then be presented in connection with requests for public contracts, financing assistance, or other favors from the state. In view of the often embarrassingly intimate relationships between government and big business in France, this could be drastic medicine. While a proposal to give workers voting representation on boards of directors has been shelved for the moment, the other bills are being passed with brisk efficiency. And commissions now at work are drawing up even more proposals—e.g., on the design of more human factories and the eventual prohibition by law of the assembly line.

One may marvel that the normally stiff-necked, conservative Pompidou government should grind out such boldly progressive laws. After all, in a country where the minimum wage (often ignored) only recently topped \$1 an hour, where bothersome opposition parties are simply dissolved by state fiat and where government-ordered wiretapping is widespread, concern for the rights of the masses can scarcely be called a top priority.

But this sudden fervor reflects the intense pressure being exerted by European workers for a reform of the nature of work—pressures that are keenly felt by politicians, labor leaders and others in a position to make the changes. The problem is the same “blue-collar blues” that is familiar in the United States: workers are increasingly made unhappy by narrow jobs and authoritarian managements, and they want more control over their work. Roughly speaking, the European trend toward greater freedom and power for lower-level employees might be, and sometimes is, called “democracy” (though in France the less political term *participation* is preferred by the present government, and the far more political *autogestion*—self-management—by the leftist opposition).

So far, the most popular approach is to give workers a representative voice near the actual seats of power; this is well recognized to be a cumbersome and inadequate solution, but it is anyway a tangible start. In West Germany, workers have been represented on company “supervisory boards” for more than twenty years, and legislation creating roughly similar systems has been passed within the past couple of years in Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Holland, and support for more—and different kinds of—“worker-control” laws is growing rapidly in other countries. Indeed, the bandwagon is beginning to look a little crowded, with all manner of partisans joining the moderate leftists of the social democratic variety who have done most to start the current wave of interest. The West German Social Democratic Party has long pleaded for “parity” worker representation (giving labor an equal voice with capital on supervisory boards) throughout industry. In 1972 its coalition partner, the centrist Free Democratic Party, announced that it too favored the idea, and several weeks ago even the crusty

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Christian Democratic Union softened its opposition on the question. In the spring of that year the British Trade Union Council dropped its traditional opposition to becoming closely involved with management and officially came out for a worker-influence system loosely based on the German idea. Since then, Heath's Conservative Party has also backed, in principle, the idea of industrial democracy. In France, the Pompidou government was originally pressed to push its *participation* program by the increasing popularity of Socialist theories of *autogestion*. Then, a couple of months ago, the Communist-dominated CGT (the largest trade union grouping)—which traditionally had followed in the anti-worker-control footsteps of Lenin, Stalin and other management theorists—suddenly discovered that it too favors more worker power.

In these matters, America is still a pit of ignorance and indifference. Ever since the news leaked out a couple of years ago that most jobs in America are so paralyzingly dull as not to merit the attention of a normally conscious human being, there has been a modicum of discussion on the subject, but there has been astonishingly little action, or interest, among opinion leaders—and this regarding a problem that affects almost everyone.

Probably the genius who did most to create the problem was Frederick Taylor, the 19th-century inventor of “scientific management,” the system whereby every movement of every worker is fixed in a rigid plan. It is sometimes believed that Taylor was only an engineer and that the worst thing he did was to help develop the assembly line. Actually, Taylor was mainly a philosopher, and all his other feats stemmed from his extraordinarily bleak view of human nature: “Most of us remain . . . grown-up children, and do our best only under pressure of a task of comparatively short duration”; “The time during which the man stops to think is part of the time that he is not productive.” In other words, most people are so stupid that nothing will ever get done unless they are told exactly what to do at every moment. This appraisal can be applied in white-collar and professional environments as well as factories—and almost universally it has been.

However, the impression now getting about is that only blue-collar workers suffer from the “authoritarian blues,” and the problem has thus been made to appear limited. Even more unfortunately, the most widely praised cure for industrial melancholy is “job enrichment,” a palliative that has been praised in government documents, in the press and on TV as the answer to Taylorism. Job enrichment is a set of techniques that was worked out by U.S. psychologist Frederick Herzberg in the mid-1950s. It is designed to broaden jobs vertically—that is, by giving employees not only a greater variety of tasks but tasks

demanding more intelligence. In an early experiment, AT&T employees who had been answering shareholder letters by rearranging standardized paragraphs were told to forget the paragraphs and write as they thought best. Worker morale and productivity went up, turnover declined and the quality of letters improved. Herzberg's great discovery was that Taylor was not always right. Breaking up work into tiny segments and imposing strict discipline did not necessarily help efficiency; often it achieved the opposite.

Might this discovery transform work dictatorships into democracies? After all, if the main argument for autocracy in work organizations—that it is profitable—is shown to be false, then the whole inane structure should collapse. But it didn't. Job enrichment is figured out in advance by management and the employee is not permitted to help decide how he might best expand his scope. One rigid system is replaced by another rigid system.

A key word in Herzberg's writings is "motivation," and often the idea conveyed is that management, through proper jiggering, can unilaterally distribute this magic substance to employees and thereby improve profits. The possibility that employees should also benefit is frequently overlooked, and Herzberg, who is moderately well known in Europe, is regarded with some suspicion there. Thus a Danish labor union that is pushing for reforms that help the worker as well as the company published a pamphlet on the subject which carries a caricature of the leering capitalist offering his workers cigars labeled "motivation."

Dr. William Dowling, whose field is personnel relations, recently wrote, in reviewing some wide-ranging European efforts at reorganizing work: "By contrast, most exponents of job enrichment in the United States take the 'papa-knows-best' approach," which firmly rules out "the idea that employee participation should be an integral part of any process of job enrichment."

The excessive adulation of job enrichment arises in America partly from the focus of the discussion. Much attention has been given to workers on automobile assembly lines and holders of other exceptionally deadening jobs, who generate dramatic journalistic copy and who might indeed be much helped by a management-ordered re-jiggering of job content. But that is only a small part of the problem. The authoritarianism from which most people suffer is not—or not primarily—of the kind that can be alleviated by change imposed from above. Many work experts believe that simple job enrichment will not get very far because it does not alter the basic power structure. Mechanisms must be found to give employees genuine control over *managing* their work.

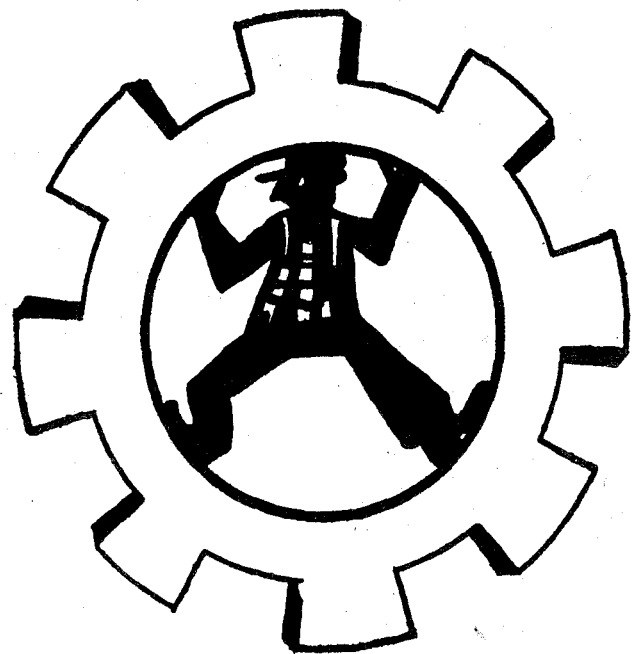
This critical distinction was brought out in a study of worker attitudes carried out by the Michigan Institute for Social Research. It showed that job satisfaction was dependent, not on the type of job but on "the worker's self-respect, his chance to perform well in his work, his chance for personal achievement and growth in competence, his chance to contribute something to his work. . . ."

Such large goals cannot be reached by the minor task shuffling of job enrichment. It is no coincidence that these human job needs, which fit so closely to a "democratic" ideology, are also those which are abundantly fulfilled in

such advanced "democratic" plants as those of General Foods and Procter & Gamble. Jobs are not "enriched"—they are abolished, with all the workers bearing responsibility for making decisions, operating the plants, and assigning work to themselves. The spectacular profitability of these plants proves that industrial democracy works.

The same changes can be made to powerful effect in high-level white-collar environments. In the 300-employee Midwestern office of a major architectural firm, the work was formerly organized on a highly fragmented basis, each person contributing his skill briefly to a tiny portion of a project. It was the classic assembly line, and had the usual results. Morale was low and turnover high, with the best and most creative people the first to leave. Then the whole organization was transformed. Mixed-skill teams now take charge of a job from start to finish. Morale is up, turnover down, and at last report the office was busier than ever. Highly trained specialists can be put on an assembly line as easily as auto workers, and suffer from it as intensely. The cure is not to re-engineer individual jobs but to upset the power structure.

It is not merely a difference of degree—it is the difference between relying on strict authority and trusting people to think for themselves. Seen in this light, the widespread belief that what auto workers want most is a modification of the assembly line is not all that certain. When preparing for the recent negotiations, the UAW surveyed worker opinion and found the strongest desire to



be the chance to influence "the process of administering the plants," including a limitation on overtime, which in fact was a major demand. The workers might want some form of assembly-line change as well (though Leonard Woodcock, UAW chief, is skeptical), but the point is that they want to be able to decide for themselves. That the assembly line is not the only thing wrong with jobs in the auto industry was again strikingly brought out when *Fortune* wrote recently about another fed-up worker who quit because of "mind-dulling bureaucratization, which

left no room for an individualist." However, he was not a shop-floor drone, but the \$550,000-a-year head of GM's Chevrolet Division. The "assembly-line blues" is far more widespread than is generally realized.

Not to be impossibly utopian, isn't job enrichment, loosening the straitjacket a notch or two, better than nothing? Indeed, yes; but only a tiny minority of American businessmen are interested. The American Management Association found in a survey of top executives that they "generally haven't made any major effort to put these theories to work. . . . Many said they'd be willing to 'help make work interesting' for lower levels, but not if it cost more money. 'Job enrichment,' then, is surprisingly in vogue as a term but only lip service is paid to it."

The reluctance to act stems in part from the tendency of even so mild a measure as job enrichment to disturb established power patterns. Thus many promising programs are killed off when they become too threatening. Some of the thirty-four case histories of job reform listed in *Work in America*, an H.E.W. report published last year, refer to short-lived experiments of long ago. For example, the only major work shake-up at Polaroid (more than ten years ago) was so remarkably successful that it upset all the orthodox power relationships and was swiftly liquidated.

Work in America states: "Clearly, the prime responsibility for improving the quality of working life rests with employers." So it does, unfortunately. What is obviously needed, therefore, is a comprehensive attack on the problems, put into action through legislation. Perhaps European-type worker-membership on boards is not the ideal solution, but it at least puts workers close to the springs of power and provides an opening that can then be used to serve worker interests in other ways. Moreover, the more imaginative European legislative approaches are somewhat more promising in their potential for changing basic conditions. In Sweden, for example, the government is trying to give workers authority to alter their immediate work environment and—as a kind of start for the notion—sent the proposed legislation to workers to solicit their comments. Even in West Germany, where the Social

Democrats have hitherto concentrated on somewhat legalistic definitions of co-determination, party pronouncements have recently begun to speak of co-determination "and the humanization of work." Much of what America needs to learn on this subject can be learned in Europe.

But in America, though people have not been talking much about work, they have been talking about Watergate. There is an interesting connection. A central failing in the "White House horrors" was the blind loyalty with which a large group of people pursued the goals set by their superiors. The good "organization men" slogged along in their grooves, never questioning (and never being encouraged to question) how it all added up. They were so many assembly-line workers, each performing his own meaningless task, never wondering about the quality of the final product.

The public has been surprised to learn that a high proportion of those involved were basically gifted and intelligent, just as many assembly-line workers are basically gifted and intelligent; but through working in an autocratic, highly bureaucratized environment, their intelligence and creativity had been allowed to atrophy.

As is invariably the case, the overall atmosphere was set by top management, in this case the President, who has declared that the average American is like "the child in the family" and must be told what to do. It is not surprising that the Watergaters, treated like Taylorized grown-up children, were behaving as such. (Taylor would doubtless have admired Alexander Haig, whose strongest argument to persuade the Justice Department people that Archibald Cox should be fired was, "You have been given an order by your Commander in Chief.") Unfortunately, the merciless light of publicity focused on the Watergate case is rarely directed at business organizations. Therefore, companies and parts of companies—not to mention the hapless employees—are being wrecked every day by similar autocratic management methods.

The ills are curable; all that is really required is that we extend our traditional ideals of democracy to business organizations. The experience of Europe can be instructive, but do we in America really need to be reminded that we still believe in democracy? □

REMEMBERING RIVERS

JOHN M. KAUFFMANN

When our country was young, rivers were its highways. They led to the hinterlands and beckoned onward, to new opportunities for exploration, enterprise and settlement. In return came rafts of timber and other frontier produce and, more important, news of what the frontier promised: the American dream.

Americans of that earlier era grew up along rivers and learned from them many of the skills that would build the nation. Woodsmen and *voyageurs*, farmers and townspeople, they caught the teeming salmon and shad, hunted the banks and marshes for game, ploughed the

bottom lands and channeled the streams to the wheels of their industry. In that pre-railroad era, they built canals to link one valley with another and laced the country with ties of water. And of course they came to love rivers, which not only provided livelihood but also a deep measure of beauty for lives too often austere with labor and hardship.

Then came the railroads, and later the highways, di-

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verting Americans from rivers. We began to think of them merely as water sources and drainages. Industrial dams destroyed the fisheries. Towns sprang up on the flood plains and then demanded more dams to protect them from floods. Rivers became convenient gutters and sewers. In urban areas the smaller streams which once graced woods and meadows were paved over as nuisances—obstacles to progress. Those who enjoyed rivers reassured themselves with the persistent American myth of superabundance: there were plenty of rivers, and another could always be sacrificed. Over the hill were more.

Our love for rivers is very old; “a river went out of Eden.” Man has empathy for rivers, because of all inanimate elements of landscape they most resemble living things. We admire their constant energy and self-renewal, and the sustenance they give to myriad lives. Streams are pre-eminent among the natural features which embroider the land. In all but the drier parts of the nation they are ubiquitous and, from the largest estuary to the smallest rivulet, each one has its own majestic power or intimate charm.

Today, as we in our increasing leisure search for quality of life as well as material prosperity, we have begun to remember rivers once again. Often we do so in the name of outdoor recreation, realizing that waterways insinuate beauty and recreational opportunity wherever they are permitted naturally to flow. They are threads of wildness winding through the cultivated, developed land. Like water parkways, they offer within a small width of acreage a wide variety of outdoor pleasure and renewed acquaintance with the natural world.

Beyond a river's potential for recreation, Americans are beginning to realize that the characteristics of a river valley suggest a very reasonable and successful design for living and for developing a total landscape. The water course itself is, of course, the unifying spine. If kept clean, attractive and accessible, it can be a permanent recreational amenity for an entire valley community. If its banks are preserved in a natural condition, they provide a scenic core of green space for the region. Its marshes and bottom lands are reservoirs of wildlife and fertile ground for agriculture. Left undeveloped, they serve as sponges and overflow areas to absorb and regulate water flow. On one large river, the Connecticut, a single extensive area of bottom lands below Hartford is more effective for flood control than the total of all the dams that have been built on the upper river.

The benches of high ground above the river bottom are ideal sites for building and development, too often misplaced in the flood plain, and these sites can enjoy the prospect of the natural riverscape spread beautifully below. The hills behind provide conservation areas for water, timber, wildlife and recreation.

But despite our remembering, despite a felicitous fluvial design for living and development, harmonious with conservation and recreational objectives, we continue to mar and destroy our beautiful riverscapes. No effort to protect and preserve them has yet come close to our efforts to clean up river waters. The dam builders, champions of engineered solutions to environmental problems, are continually on the prowl for valleys that can be plugged.

Often those valleys are the most beautiful we have left: remote areas where local political power is sparse and weak and, hence, where dam projects can be executed with least opposition. Such valleys are likely to be inundated before the recreative public has come to know and appreciate them.

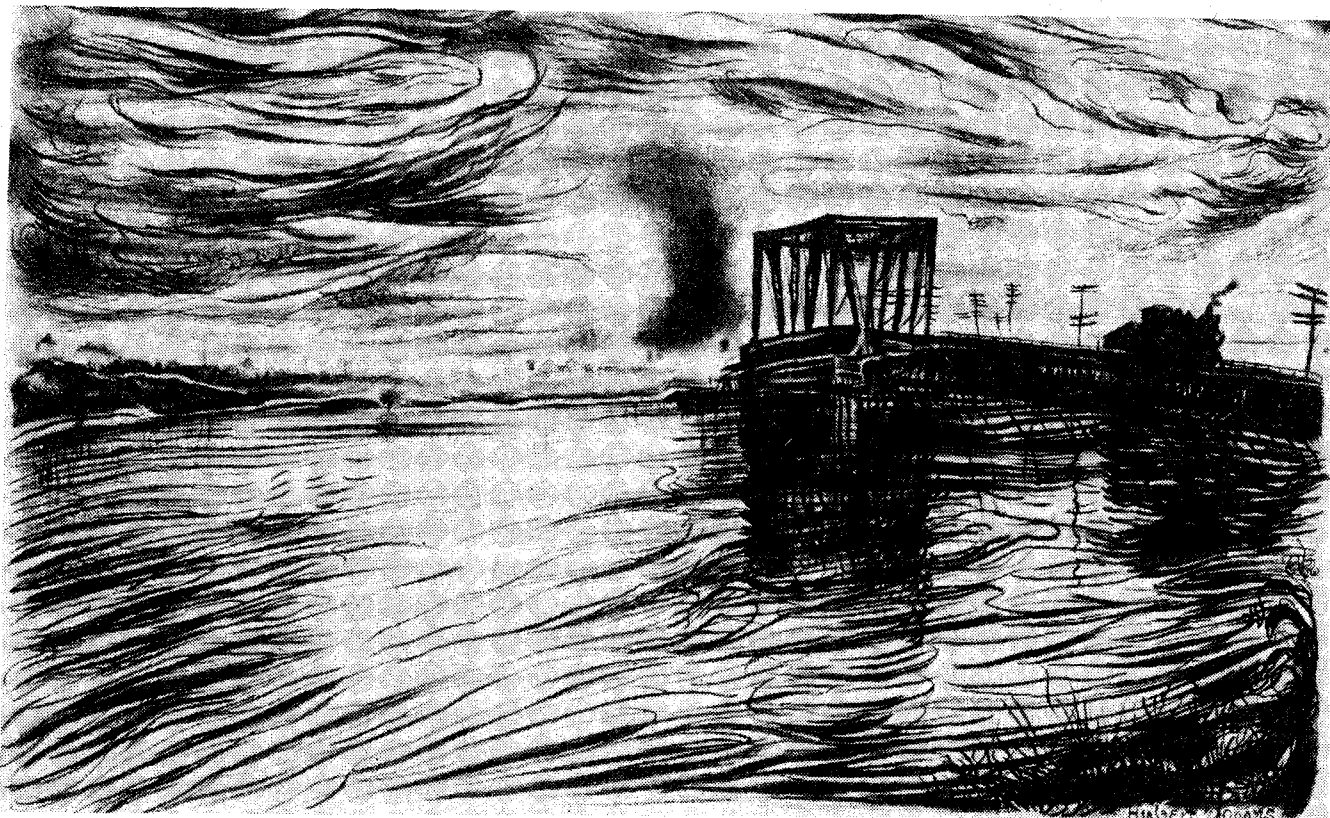
More dangerous than dams to riverscape resources are real estate developments. Now that they have again come to realize the beauty of our waterfronts, people rush in to buy a piece. In too many places we are literally hugging our rivers to death, building lines of cottages along them and so turning them into linear suburbs. By so doing we destroy what we came to seek: greenness, openness, a bit of wilderness, a respite from urbanism. That is because we continue to regard riverside property not as a community asset but as a commodity to be sold for profit.

Some rivers, like the Shenandoah in Virginia and West Virginia, have become sites for platted subdivisions that clot the riverside for 50 miles or more. Access is cut off, wooded shores turn into lawns, bird song gives way to the sound of radios. The fisherman may not walk the bank; the canoeist may not land. Each lot owner has his tiny dicing of riverside. No one can ever again enjoy the wholeness of the riverscape, each part of which complements the other—rapid and pool, bluff and flat, wood and marsh.

Ironically, many riversides are still green and natural because the river water is so badly polluted as to be repellent. The riverscape is literally being preserved by the water's stench. The city fathers of Hanover, N.H. were astonished recently to find leading conservationists among those who opposed a pollution abatement program for the Connecticut River. Their reasoning was sound, if lamentable: as soon as the water was cleaned up, the green riverbanks that made the area attractive would be pre-empted by real estate development. The opposition vote was to stall for time in order to get land-use controls in gear with the anti-pollution program.

A major problem with planning the use of riversides is that rivers usually traverse a number of political jurisdictions into which planning authority has long been fragmented. To set a single policy for protecting and utilizing a river requires a more complicated legal and governmental mechanism than does an international treaty. It takes years of political struggle to put even the mildest form of river basin management into effect. The only alternative is to buy the riverscape. That also is politically difficult and, since the land value is great, a heavy drain on public funds.

Besides the multiplicity of jurisdictions, there is along most rivers a broad spectrum of public opinion as to what should be done. In or near the cities, where the need for open space and the amenity value of an attractive riverside is generally recognized, the land is usually already occupied. To roll back years of pre-emptive development is a staggering political and financial task. Out in the country, where the riverscapes are still uncommitted, *laissez faire* is too often the state of the rural mind. “We'll take care of it.” “Don't tell us what to do with what is ours.” These are the usual responses to any suggestion for broad land-



Hubert Davis

Desplaines River

use control. Such a do-nothing attitude and the absence of legal restraints make the area an easy prey to the real estate speculators, who buy up this farm and that and soon have another stretch of attractive riverside on its way to urbanization.

What then is there to do if we are to maintain the natural, recreative riverine beauty that has been our heritage? Zoning, the first straw usually grasped at, doesn't really do the job, except in the case of flood plain protection as a safety measure, for zoning is not permanent. It can be overturned, and often is, when the real estate stakes rise high enough. An exercise of police power and not an acquisition of a right in land, zoning is designed to regulate and channel growth, not to preserve landscapes permanently as public resources. The Wild and Scenic Rivers Act of 1968 was a major and unprecedented breakthrough in river protection. For the first time, free-flowing rivers were recognized as important national resources. Previously, the best use of a river was usually defined as its total harnessing to man's will, by damming or channeling it out of its natural existence. However, the federal government can protect only a few rivers in the National Wild and Scenic River System, and has protected even fewer, and all that are "national" must be of nationwide significance.

A number of states have emulated the federal law and set up the authority for their own scenic river systems. But they have far less money for buying up key parcels of riverside or the scenic easements in between that are necessary to keep the riverscape natural. In the case of Virginia, one of the first states to enact scenic rivers legislation,

the law denied the use of eminent domain authority in acquiring riverside lands and easements. Therefore, whatever progress can be made toward protecting that commonwealth's beautiful waterways must be through voluntary agreements and purchases, with many landowners concurring on such a course of action. That is hardly likely.

Interstate compacts and river basin commissions—new levels of government designed to manage entire watersheds—have proved extremely complicated to create. Those which do exist concern themselves almost entirely with matters of water supply, water quality and water control, and have at best marginal authority over what happens to riverside lands. A proposed Potomac River Basin Compact, drawn up over six years of hard and complex work, foundered on the very touchy subject of land-use control. Riparian owners would not stand for the notion that any meddlesome super-agency could tell them what to do.

But since rivers were our first highways, and since the waters and beds of navigable rivers are public ways, perhaps the federal and state highway systems can provide a solution to river conservation problems. The analogy between roads and rivers is interesting. City streets, rural roads, interstate highways not only are public routes, they are also accessible as such. Even the limited-access superhighways have appropriate places where travelers may safely enter.

Moreover, one not only can use the pavement for his vehicle, as a waterway is used by boats, but also can walk along the roadside. In the city and in many suburbs there are sidewalks. No one can fence down to the curb and block the roadside pedestrian. Many areas require a set-

back of buildings from the road right-of-way, not just for reasons of safety and possible pavement widening but also to keep that route a pleasant one through lawns and gardens and amid trees. The parkways and new thruways have rights-of-way sufficiently wide that they become linear parks, either landscaped or left natural; at appropriate intervals they are provided with rest areas and picnic grounds. We take all these characteristics of roads for granted, and when a new road right-of-way is acquired, the extra width, with its promise of accessibility and scenic protection, is included without comment.

Can we not apply these principles to our original highways? Imagine how recreative rivers would be if a "sidewalk"—a trail—ran along each bank whereon fishermen and enjoyers of nature and other folk out for a pleasant walk could follow the riverside. Access points ("side streets") could provide places where boats were launched and landed. Rest areas would offer camping and picnicking possibilities. A right-of-way wider than the watercourse itself would insure that each riverscape remained natural, a scenic asset wherever the river flowed, providing corridors of green space convenient to every visitor.

If federal and state highway funds could be made available to acquire river rights-of-way, a network of parks could be developed along our waterways that would be of incomparable value. Along these narrow parkways a wide variety of recreation could be enjoyed on minimal acreage: fishing, hunting, boating, hiking, nature study and many other recreative pursuits in the out-of-doors. Moreover, the central scenic thread of every valley would be preserved in perpetuity. All around it developments of many kinds—residential, commercial and industrial—would be enhanced by the nearby presence of such an amenity. This would have economic as well as social benefits. We willingly pay a million dollars or more for each mile of interstate freeway, a facility which may well have a limited life of public

benefit as our modes of transportation evolve. A million dollars would protect many miles of riverfront which would be not a temporary but a permanent asset, to be counted upon down the generations. In view of their varied recreational uses and central scenic value, such riverscapes would indeed be bargain parks. In many cases, riverscape protection need not involve outright purchase, as for roads. Scenic easements will often suffice. Massachusetts is trying regulations that provide for purchase only if a riparian landowner proves that keeping the riverside natural has damaged him.

The use of rivers for recreation has increased impressively in recent years. Canoeing, for example, has literally exploded as an outdoor activity. The white-water boating enthusiasts particularly cherish the stretches of rapids that give them sport. Thousands of participants and spectators now attend major racing events and every weekend sees canoes and kayaks on the waterways. More than 25,000 canoes run the Delaware River each season. Floating the Shenandoah has become so popular that the sport supports several canoe liveries and raft services, yet along the way there are only three designated campgrounds. I have spent the night at one of them with as many as 150 other people, there being no programs to increase the public facilities on the river.

The rush is on. Our river love, as old as mankind, is manifesting itself anew, and somehow we must take care of the objects of this affection before we lose these most natural and convenient parkways. Yet we are paving them over, reaming them out, damming them up and selling off their beautiful banks. Yes, and continuing to foul the waters, despite our anti-pollution intentions.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once declared that "a river is more than an amenity; it is a treasure," and Henry David Thoreau observed: "He who hears the rippling of rivers will never despair of anything." It is time we protected such riches. □

Sterilization: Coercing Consent

RICHARD F. BABCOCK, Jr.

Washington

Last summer, newspaper accounts revealed that federal funds were being used to finance the involuntary or coerced sterilization of black women and children who were receiving public assistance. In June, it was reported that 14-year-old Minnie Relf and her 12-year-old sister Mary Alice of Montgomery, Ala., were surgically sterilized by the Montgomery Family Planning Clinic, a federally funded facility. Permission for the operation had allegedly been given by the girls' illiterate mother, who had placed her "X" on a consent form. After the sterilization had been

accomplished, Mrs. Relf charged in a court suit that the purpose of the operation had been misrepresented to her, and she would never have agreed to it had she understood that it would prevent her children from ever having children of their own. It was later revealed that as many as eleven girls may have been involuntarily sterilized at the Montgomery clinic.

In July, Nial Ruth Cox, 26, an unwed black mother, charged at a New York press conference that when she was 18 she had been induced to undergo sterilization in New Bern, N.C. She had agreed to the operation after being told that her family might cease receiving welfare payments if she did not consent. No one had explained to her that the operation would prevent her from ever bearing children again.

These disclosures were given considerable attention by the national media, and a small public outcry was raised against federal funding of unwanted sterilizations. The

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racial overtones of the incidents were obvious. In response to the public clamor, H.E.W. promised to prevent the recurrence of such incidents by requiring family planning clinics and hospitals to follow certain prescribed procedures whenever federal funds are used to support a sterilization operation. These procedures are contained in a set of regulations proposed by H.E.W., which will be adopted early in 1974 unless public response to them is vociferous.

The H.E.W. regulations are written in the kind of facile bureaucratese that can easily obscure ill-considered and even destructive social policy. On the surface, they sound adequate enough. Before a minor or one considered legally incompetent can be sterilized, a "Review Committee" must approve the operation and a court must decide that it is in the "best interest" of the patient. A careful reading of the regulations, however, reveals that the adoption of these "safeguards" will increase the threat of unwanted sterilizations to children, the poor and the mentally ill.

It should be emphasized that regulating federally funded sterilizations involves balancing some important competing interests. There is the interest in making this birth-control technique available to the poor substantially as it is to the well-off; but there is also an interest in guarding the poor from being coerced or deceived into consenting to sterilization. The H.E.W. regulations are a wholly inadequate attempt to harmonize these conflicting interests. They fail to protect individuals from being induced to consent to an unwanted sterilization, and further would authorize the sterilization of incompetent adults and even normal children—procedures for which there was only the most dubious authority in the past.

As the incidents which were exposed last summer illustrate, welfare recipients in this country can be threatened, lied to, or misinformed until they consent to be sterilized. The H.E.W. regulations, trumpeted as the government's safeguards against involuntary sterilization, in fact do nothing to prevent such coercive tactics.

For an individual's consent to a surgical operation to be legally valid, three facts must be established. First, it must be shown that the consent was voluntary. Obviously, agreeing to something with a gun at your head is not really agreeing at all. Accepting an "offer you can't afford to refuse" is similarly involuntary. Second, the consent must be knowing, made with knowledge and understanding of the relevant facts. Finally, the individual must be competent; that is, she must be intellectually capable of understanding and independently evaluating the operation to which she is consenting.

These basic legal principles are ignored by H.E.W. regulations. The proposed procedures require that persons who are competent must consent before they can be sterilized; but that merely states the problem. No guidelines for determining whether the consent was given voluntarily, knowingly and competently are provided. This overlooks the tragic lesson of the Cox sterilization.

As that incident illustrated, various pressures can be applied to coerce poor women into "volunteering" to undergo sterilization. The ploy used with Ms. Cox—threatening to cut her family off from public assistance—is

one such pressure. And several public spirited doctors in Aiken, S.C. were accused last summer of handing out an even more direct ultimatum. Mrs. Carol Brown, a welfare mother pregnant with her fifth child, publicly charged that she had visited three doctors to find one who would deliver her baby. None would perform the delivery unless she first agreed to be sterilized.

The evidence that persons frequently give unknowing consent is equally disturbing. Mrs. Relf, who consented on behalf of her two daughters, thought the girls were being taken to the clinic to receive birth-control shots. Ms. Cox was not told her operation would be irreversible.

Under the H.E.W. regulations, the only protection against inadequate consent is the judgment of the family planning administrator or the doctor performing the operation—the very persons who could be responsible for instigating the unwanted sterilization in the first place. They have the unfettered power to decide whether the patient's consent is valid and whether the operation should be performed. The simple fact is that when the sterilization of poor people is involved, the judgment of an administrator or doctor cannot always be trusted. Unlike most surgical procedures, sterilization is seldom a purely therapeutic operation. The decision whether or not to sterilize can also contain a social judgment: should this person be allowed to bear children? Because of the unusual character of this procedure—and because the welfare recipient is especially susceptible to outside pressure—special precautions are necessary to assure that adequate consent is given to every sterilization. The H.E.W. regulations call for virtually no precautions at all.

This is not the only shortcoming of the regulations, however. There is a second, more egregious flaw: they increase the chances that disadvantaged persons will be forced to undergo compulsory sterilization.

It is a little known fact that compulsory sterilization has been legally practiced in this country since the turn of the century. For several decades, there was some dispute over whether the procedure was constitutional. Then, in 1924, the state of Virginia decided to sterilize a woman named Carrie Buck. She was 18, white, a patient at the Virginia State Colony for Epileptics and Feeble-Minded. She was the daughter of a retarded woman, also a patient at the State Colony, and had already given birth to an illegitimate mentally handicapped child.

Four years later, in *Buck v. Bell*, a decision remembered today largely for its remarkable language, the Supreme Court decided that Virginia's decision to sterilize Ms. Buck was constitutional. In writing the decision for the Court, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes said:

We have seen more than once that the public welfare may call upon the best citizens for their lives. It would be strange if it could not call upon those who sap the strength of the State for these lesser sacrifices, often not felt to be such by those concerned, in order to prevent our being swamped with incompetence. It is better for all the world, if instead of waiting to execute degenerate offspring for crime, or to let them starve for their imbecility, society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. . . . Three generations of imbeciles are enough.

Buck v. Bell at least went no further than to legitimize

the compulsory sterilization of "imbeciles" in mental institutions. Statistics indicate that the practice has declined considerably in the last thirty years. In 1943, 1,638 such operations were reported; by 1963, the last year an accurate tabulation was made, the number had been reduced to 467. Today, however, the H.E.W. regulations legitimize the compulsory sterilization of children and mentally retarded persons—people who in the past were outside the purview of the *Buck v. Bell* ruling.

Under the proposed regulations, children and incompetents could be sterilized against their will if certain prescribed procedures are followed. This is tantamount to authorizing such sterilizations. At present it is doubtful whether persons under the age of consent could legally be sterilized under any circumstances, but these regulations would permit the compulsory sterilization of *normal* children. Authorities who in the past might have been reluctant to order the sterilization of a young person, may now find sanction for such an action in the regulations.

There may also be a spate of sterilizations of mentally ill and retarded adults, many of whom will be fully capable of understanding the gravity of the operation—and wholly opposed to undergoing it. According to the proposed regulations, an individual can be considered for involuntary sterilization if she has been adjudicated incompetent by a court, or if in the "judgment of a responsible program or project official" she "appears to be incapable of giving informed consent because of a mental condition or lack of mental capacity." Both of these criteria are perniciously broad. As for the Court adjudication, H.E.W. failed to recognize that persons are held incompetent in this country for a variety of reasons, many of which have no relation to their ability to comprehend and evaluate medical procedures. Thus, a court might find an individual incompetent because she is unable to manage her financial affairs. Under the H.E.W. proposal, such a finding would then preclude the "incompetent" from deciding for herself whether to be sterilized, regardless of her competence to make that decision. The regulations further fail to take into account the obvious fact that mental illness is frequently temporary. An individual may be incompetent for only a short time, yet, during that time, she could be involuntarily sterilized under the regulations. Relying on the judgment of a "responsible project official" is even more dangerous. H.E.W. is in effect giving the administrators of welfare agencies, family planning clinics, and other service projects the unrestrained power to deny people the right to decide for themselves whether to have children.

These difficulties are not offset by the requirement that an involuntary sterilization must be approved by a Review Committee and finally ordered by a court before it can be performed. According to the regulations, the committee is to be composed of five persons selected by officials of the federal project involved, a rule which creates the substantial possibility that the committee will become a virtual rubber stamp for the project. Leaving the ultimate decision to the court affords little more protection. A court will be largely dependent upon the committee's recommendation and, in any case, the court, like the Review Committee, will have to rely only on the vacuous

"best interest" standard in deciding whether to order the sterilization. Virtually anything can be justified under the guise of the patient's (or child's) "best interest," and the regulations provide no guidelines for a Review Committee or court to use in applying the standard.

Despite the shortcomings of the regulations, effective procedural safeguards might be developed. Two organizations that were drawn into the sterilization controversy last summer—the Mental Health Law Project, a public interest law firm in Washington, D.C., and the Health Task Force of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, a Washington-based civil rights group—have come forward with several provisions to be incorporated in new regulations.

First, an appropriate procedure for determining the legal adequacy of consent should be adopted. Such procedure need not be burdensome, but it is essential that each person's consent to sterilization be evaluated by some person or committee who could have no possible reason to encourage the operation. For example, an attorney might meet with and counsel the potential patient and certify that the three necessary elements of consent are present.

Second, there should be a ban on all compulsory sterilizations. Many constitutional authorities think that *Buck v. Bell* will soon be overruled. The genetic theories on which Justice Holmes's decision was based have long since been discredited, and there are indications that even the Nixon Court will hold that the Constitution forbids the government to deprive a citizen permanently of the right to bear children. It would be tragically ironic for compulsory sterilizations to continue until the very eve of a Supreme Court decision that ruled the practice unconstitutional.

Finally, any effective regulations should impose sanctions against persons who administer improper sterilizations. Such sanctions would serve to deter abuses and to provide redress, so far as that is possible, to individuals who are sterilized in noncompliance with the regulations.

These provisions have been endorsed by such divergent groups as the United Auto Workers, Zero Population Growth, the NAACP and the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees. They provide a simple, workable system to assure that sterilizations are performed only on those persons who understand the operation and genuinely want to undergo it. They would not be so onerous as to prevent individuals from exercising the right to be sterilized, yet they are stringent enough to assure that girls like the Relf sisters and women like Nial Cox are not involuntarily sterilized in the future.

It was heartening to see that a considerable number of persons in the press and in the public could become incensed last summer—while other events preoccupied national attention—when the facts about the sterilizations in Alabama and North Carolina were exposed. Now, H.E.W. threatens to divert that public outrage by adopting specious safeguards. This won't do. Three-quarters of a century of state-imposed sterilizations is enough. H.E.W. should withdraw its regulations and adopt new procedures that offer realistic protections. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Eugene O'Neill and America

O'NEILL, SON AND ARTIST. By Louis Sheaffer. Little, Brown and Company. 750 pp. \$15.

HAROLD CLURMAN

This is the concluding volume of Louis Sheaffer's biography of Eugene O'Neill, the first part of which, entitled *O'Neill, Son and Playwright*, was published in 1968. The earlier book ends at the moment of the production on Broadway in 1920 of O'Neill's first full-length play, *Beyond the Horizon*. The later book begins with the death of O'Neill's father in the summer of that year, and finishes with Eugene's death in 1953 at the age of 65. The two volumes constitute a necessary addition to the library of anyone concerned with American cultural as well as theatrical history.

Sheaffer has done a most scrupulous job. He was one of the better dramatic critics when years ago he occupied that post on the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. His judgments on O'Neill's plays are in the main quite sound and in several instances particularly perceptive. His attitude toward his subject is sympathetic but never adulatory. He has gathered many hitherto unknown facts about O'Neill, and he has been careful to cite adverse as well as favorable opinion about O'Neill's personality and work. Both volumes—they may be purchased separately—are well illustrated.

Before entering into the heart of the matter—O'Neill's heart and mind—it is worth noting several facts mentioned in regard to the theatre of the O'Neill "period." *Desire Under the Elms*, we are reminded, was produced in 1924 at the cost of \$4,000, and in the early 1930s the price for the best seat at the *Ziegfeld Follies* was \$4. In the 1940s O'Neill remarked, "The overhead cost of production is so great that any serious play is doomed before it starts." The recognition of this obvious fact is far less significant than his saying, "The idea of an Art Theatre is more remote now than way back in the first decade of the century."

By an "Art Theatre" O'Neill surely meant something more than the loose notion of institutions which do "good" or "serious" plays; what is implied is a permanent collective of like-minded artists who share a common conception and technique. O'Neill came close to a Craig-

ian vision of the theatre when he said in a letter to Joseph Wood Krutch (quoted by Sheaffer), "There can be no such thing as a really good production in the American theatre. . . . In a theatre run as a commercial gamble . . . where more than four weeks' rehearsal is a dangerous financial risk, where directors, actors have no chance for real training and no background or tradition of artistic feeling for their calling. . . . You can't build temples out of rotten wood. When we can afford time in the American theatre, then and only then will things begin to pick up."

Still, these are side issues in the present context. What particularly fascinates me in the O'Neill story is not the record of his by now familiar misfortunes in his family relations, marriages, estrangement from his children and the sad fate of two of them, his bouts of alcoholism and illnesses, but something which has rarely been given due notice. It is true, Sheaffer emphasizes that O'Neill's plays are largely autobiographical. "The primary image of Eugene O'Neill that emerges from his writings," Sheaffer says, "is that of eternal son, a man constantly examining and dramatizing his ambivalent feelings toward his mother and father, forever bound to them emotionally . . . a man trying to make peace with himself." But this personal drama, while in itself a mine of psychological riches, is not half so valuable as what he made of it objectively. As Sartre once put it, "It is not important what is done to us; it is only important what we have done with what is done to us."

Certainly there is much "Strindberg" in O'Neill—sexual torment, Oedipal tensions, etc., etc.—but what is much more striking to me in O'Neill is that his "obsession with the past" led him to extrapolate from his private life an understanding of his country's life. Is not *The Hairy Ape* a man who does not know his position in relation to society? The American worker (barely unionized in 1921 when O'Neill wrote the play) imagined he possessed power because his sweat and muscle moved the "ship." He takes pride in this until he sees himself in the eyes of the society he supports. He is appalled to find that he is no more than a beast: he can find no place for himself anywhere, he does not "belong."

Desire Under the Elms is usually regarded as a play of sexual complexities. But its last line is an explicit reference to its environment: "It's a Jim-dandy farm. . . . Wished I owned it!" The play is at bottom a dramatization of the struggle for possession of the "farm"—which is America. The old pioneer's strength and determined industriousness built it; his sons and wife wish to inherit it so that they may enjoy security. That is the premise on which the entire conflict of the play hinges. In the first phase of this conflict one son—after his brothers have abandoned their labors to find gold and an "easy life" in the West—discovers that there is more to existence than the possession of goods, a discovery which exalts him even as he is taken to prison. The action of *Desire Under the Elms* takes place in 1850; the play was written at America's "coming-of-age," when its youth was arriving at the realization that to be fully grown it had to transcend "materialism."

The Great God Brown paints the two faces of the American consciousness: the sensibility of the potential artist and the efficiency of the businessman: each envying the other, each incomplete and agonized by that incompleteness.

Sheaffer traces a parallel between O'Neill's life and the story of *All God's Chillun Got Wings*—an astute diagnosis—but the wonder is that this 1923 play emerges as a study of tensions between black and white at a time when such a theme was hardly ever treated in the theatre.

When I directed *A Touch of the Poet* I wrote a mini-essay for the program about it in which I submitted that what O'Neill was saying in the play was that America would never be whole unless it preserved its inherited "dream," its touch of the poet, while in the process of turning its immense energy to the conquest of power. At the time, Max Lerner in one of his *New York Post* articles took me to task for this interpretation. (Perhaps it sounded rather "anti-American" to him.) The play, he maintained, was about the folly of false illusions, which is, no doubt, one of the play's elements but not its point. Lerner asked me if I wished to defend my view. I didn't need to: very soon after this exchange I read that O'Neill called the nine-play cycle of which *A Touch of*

the Poet was to be a part "A Tale of Possessors Self-Dispossessed" and that it "was designed to be the ultimate statement of the author's central thinking."

That statement, to be more specifically enunciated at O'Neill's last meeting with the press in 1946 ("with the national mood one of confidence and optimism," Sheaffer adds), in which the playwright declared that America "instead of being the most successful country in the world is its greatest failure . . . the greatest failure because it was given everything, more than any other country. . . . Though moving rapidly . . . it never acquired real roots. Its main idea is that of the everlasting game of trying to possess your own soul and the things outside of it, too."

Long Day's Journey Into Night, O'Neill's most overtly autobiographical play, tells us something more than the story of his father's parsimony, his mother's drug addiction, his brother's self-destructiveness, his own longing for purity, perhaps for God. The note of forgiveness which marks the play arises from learning how his father's struggle as a poor, uneducated Irish immigrant led him to a striving for "security" so relentless that it caused him to abandon his almost religious devotion to the theatre, just as his mother had lost her faith due to her marriage to the actor who never had a "home." This was O'Neill's tragedy, but in his plays it becomes the tragedy of America—a country bereft of a living faith—something which is not simply mouthed but enacted.

The derelicts who people *The Iceman Cometh* are men who have lost their faith and therefore sustain themselves by its substitute "pipe dreams": empty "ideals" which cannot generate positive action. At the end of the play they celebrate their various evasions, their inability to face the challenge and responsibility of reality.

The play is ambiguous, because O'Neill himself is uncertain about whether it expresses the way life must be lived or whether it is a criticism of the way most of us live. His indecision—as he veered constantly from a degraded and degrading pessimism to a sudden and equally intense idealism—is what creates the impression of immaturity in O'Neill. Emotionally and intellectually, and consequently to a considerable degree artistically, he was immature. His force lies in the unrelenting battle to resolve his dilemma, his passionate searching for an answer. That he was prodded in this quest through the ache and urge of his very blood and bones and that he converted the torment of his

own confusion into a dramatic graph of the situation in wholly American terms is the seal of his importance. As a private individual it seemed that he desired his own defeat, proof that life's nay-sayers are right; but in his work, in his dedication as an artist he gives his nihilism the lie. Tragic drama, he asserted, is never "unhappy."

His work is not "literary." This review is not the place for a full discussion of the hazard of O'Neill's writing. But for those who still insist on belittling O'Neill on this account I would quote Henry James, who cannot be said to have been indifferent to stylistic niceties:

The Aesthetics of 'Dear Diary'

FEAR OF FLYING. By Erica Jong. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 340 pp. \$6.95.

ELLEN HOPE MEYER

It is a fact generally acknowledged that women can write. While the annals of the novel are not exactly studded with the names of women, there is a very adequate tradition which runs from Jane Austen to Flannery O'Connor and Joyce Carol Oates, and includes the Brontë sisters, George Eliot, Virginia Woolf, Gertrude Stein and Willa Cather. With the rise of women's liberation there has been a welcome increase of women authors; there has also been an unwelcome increase of missionary autobiographies masquerading as novels. A general misconception seems to prevail: that liberation means narcissism. The resulting novels are often witty and poetic, sometimes self-pitying, sometimes genuinely anguished. They are usually distinguished by having *no characters* in them whatsoever except for the central figure, whose imperfect and totally ego-centric perception of the people in her life is entertaining only so long as we are willing to suspend our interest in the outside world.

Perhaps the genre constitutes a new art form, to be known as *dear diary*, and will introduce to us a solipsistic world in which nobody exists but the heroine and, by extension, oneself. *Dear diary*, as I see it, includes *The Bell Jar* by Sylvia Plath, *Walking Papers* by Sandra Hochman, *Up the Sandbox* by Anne ("my damp labia") Richardson Roiphe, *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen* by Alix Kates Shulman, and *Fear of Flying* by Erica Jong.

Fear of Flying is a marvelously entertaining novel about one Isadora Wing, who sets off on an airplane with

"[Balzac] was a very bad writer, and yet unquestionably he was a very great writer." O'Neill was aware of and deplored his lack in this regard. He wrote, he said, by ear for the ear; his impoverished diction and verbal ungainliness become strangely gripping in the theatre because they possess a "current of true fervor and genuine anguish." He preferred to fail at what he called "the Big Stuff" so that he might "remain a success in [his] own spiritual eyes." This and the vibrant content of his plays make him, despite many uncouth and exasperatingly deficient plays, still the best of American dramatists. □

her second husband and 117 psychoanalysts ("I'd been treated by at least six of them. And married the seventh") for a psychoanalytic congress in Vienna. She fears flying. Her hands turn cold, her heart drums. She is also restless; making love with her husband is "as bland as Velveeta cheese." She fears solitude, she fears herself, she fears breaking out of the image generated by "growing up female in America," and she is torn between her rather exotic sexuality and her distaste for the female role vis-à-vis men. A series of well-constructed flashbacks give us some idea of her marriage, her first marriage, an affair, her family, and that other old chestnut, growing up Jewish in America. She meets the hero of her fantasies, a guru-type English analyst with dirty toenails, who invites her to break out of her shell (and her marriage) by taking a devil-may-care trip around Europe with him. She goes. The ground rules are never to mention tomorrow. He (Adrian Goodlove) is handsome and slightly impotent, and it turns out ironically that while he is talking existential freedom to her, he has all the time planned to meet his wife and children in England on a date certain. He leaves her in Paris. Nemesis. She is *alone*. Can she stand it? Will she collapse? Can she fly? There's a lot of talk about menstruation and Tampax (see also *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen*, or, for a more adult treatment of the same subject, Mary McCarthy's *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*). Isadora survives the desolate hotel room, and flies back to her husband (now in London) determined not to grovel.

It's hard to make out just where she is, after her crisis of faith. If she's flying now, why has she gone back to Mr.

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Velveeta Cheese? Or is she incapable of flying? The book ends on this hesitant note. In the meantime we have been treated to an honest, somewhat grotesque, exuberant and chatty insight into Isadora Wing's coming of age (if she has).

It's a good read, falling somewhere between educated jet-set "in" talk and well-written true confessions. The book attempts to explore the female predicament, but the world, the real world, is so strained through the sensibilities of the author that we don't believe in it—and therefore can't appreciate the predicament. The characters exist only in the author's mind, and have been swiftly categorized there in terms of what they stand for. What counts about them is whether or not they have a liberated consciousness and how they feel about the heroine.

There are pitfalls in the *dear diary* genre. Its personal, almost editorial, tone gives the author too much opportunity to tell us about her attitudes. She has no need to re-create experience—all she has to do is tell us about it. So her book becomes a reformist tract on the one hand and on the other a highly personal account of one woman's reactions, digestion and tastes. There is no artistic distance between the author and her subject, and hence no objectivity. We don't know what she's like; we only know what she thinks she's like. We

FROM WHERE WILL THE NEXT ONE COME

*The next one will come from the air
It will be an overripe pumpkin
It will be the missing shoe*

*The next one will climb down
From the tree
When I am asleep*

*The next one I will have to sow
For the next one I will have
To walk in the rain*

*The next one I shall not write
It will rise like bread
It will be the curse coming home*

Arvind Krishna Mehrotra

learn nothing about the world, only about how she feels. The action all takes place in the mind of the author-protagonist, or in this case her not-so-private parts.

The cause of women's liberation has given rise, thus far, to a good deal of *dear diary*, a kind of literature that by its nature can do little to advance the ideal goals of the movement. The genre's narrow focus makes liberation unattainable. It expresses the author's indisposition to get out of the prison of her self. □

Books on Architecture

JANE HOLTZ KAY

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: An Interpretive Biography. By Robert C. Twombly. Harper & Row. 373 pp. \$10.

Perhaps it is the hat that makes him look like a pioneer preacher: the black brim as broad as the roofs on his famous Prairie Houses; or the tilt of his chin, or the white hair dribbling back down the stiff white collar, or the frontier-style string tie. The costume combines now with the prodigious talents, the appealing philosophy, and even the eccentric temperament of Frank Lloyd Wright. So the time is right for this solid narrative of the life of America's most famous architect.

Robert C. Twombly's able "interpretive biography" strikes a nice balance between the major work of the architect and the sometimes serious, sometimes simply flamboyant theatrics of

Jane Holtz Kay writes regularly for The Nation on architecture.

the man. It is not an easy balancing act: Wright's life was long (he died at 91 in 1959) and busy (he created 1,000 designs, 600 of which were executed). His utterances were inflammatory and, more difficult still, often fanciful. In later life, Wright imagined his past as an obstacle course; instead, as Twombly takes pains to point out, his innovative designs were amazingly well received.

The book, described as the outgrowth of a Ph.D. thesis, is extensively researched and readable, if not as lively or dramatic as the architect himself. Twombly is sensitive to his subject as a human being and can render Wright's excesses and genius alike in mortal terms: "Basking in his glory, when he might have been more generous, Wright remained adamant on the subject of other architects." The author sides with Wright in his quarrels here, tries to puncture the architect's fantasies and vanities there. (Apparently, though, Twombly feels discomfort over what seem quite normal personality assessments, hence, one assumes, the unneces-

sary hedge in the title, "interpretive biography.")

Most important, Twombly's grasp of Wright's architecture and its place on the American landscape raise the book above the standard narratives: Wright's imbroglios, his wives, his mistresses, his fights—the cranky gestures of his genius—have place only within the context of his staggering *oeuvre*. Although one might disagree with the author's assessment of buildings (critics usually rate Wright's Imperial Hotel in Japan higher), Twombly writes as sensitively on Wright's architecture as on his life.

HANDMADE HOUSES: A Guide to the Woodbutcher's Art. By Arthur Boericke and Barry Shapiro. The Scrimshaw Press. 46 pp. \$12.95.

Funky, fresh, like visiting a Hansel and Gretel with an aesthetic bent, this slip of a book is a treat to look at. The color photographs of their gingerbread—the authors call them "handmade"—houses are as sharp and loving as the craftsmen who took old windshields and colored glass, and glued up the solarium shown; or carved and painted totem pole columns on another house; or patterned the gray-toned shakes on a third. The architectural style as photographed here is Contrived Rickety. It is beautiful to look at but a bit forced by the book's rhetoric. Boericke, the author, and Shapiro, the photographer, exalt the underground elements as if to be zany and rambunctious were the new morality. Alas, as any Sunday carpenter knows, to have a hand in creating tables and chairs, not to mention walls, is no guarantee of such handsome results. "There's just no substitute for doing it yourself," says one lyrical caption . . . especially if you have talent plus this camera's aid in composition and color. Despite such charming affectations and the less charming attempts to turn the marginally relevant into a social virtue, the book's do-it-yourself manifestoes of the "woodbutcher's art" are engaging.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ARCHITECTS. By John Cook and Heinrich Klotz. Praeger. 256 pp. \$17.50.

Who is interviewing whom? There are dialogues with eight architects here: from the gospel of Pop architecture, according to Charles Moore; to monumental historicism by Philip Johnson; with every mode between—the Miami popularism of Morris Lapidus, the sculpted forms of Paul Rudolph, the expressive rationale of Louis Kahn, the clarity of Bertrand Goldberg, the asphalt aesthetic of Venturi-Brown (see below), and the toned muscularity of

Kevin Roche. But after a while, the conversations read like group-therapy encounter games in which the two author-critics confront, chat, parry with the architects for other purposes than "pure" information. The interviewers can be baiting or encouraging, laudatory or belligerent. They are always more than faceless interviewers: they press points of view so strong that they might better have drawn eight theses.

Reading interviews is an acquired taste. I have no love for reading them in other writers' fields. So, even though one gleans bright words here, and apt or tantalizing pieces of information, I hesitate to say how the general reader would fare with rambling dialogues and discussions like this:

Heinrich Klotz: The ground plan of each room looks like a petal. Is that the "kinetic" space?

Bertrand Goldberg: Weli, no, I call any space that has motion kinetic space.

HK: That means a baroque space like the interior of "Vierzehnheiligen" is kinetic space, space in motion.

Despite one's sympathy with the interviewers' biases toward the anti-monumental, they intrude too much and, also, fail to humanize their architects. There is no standard journalistic preface, no description of the man or his office.

An interview is a kind of dance; it is indeed an encounter between subject and questioner. Obviously the partisanship and knowledge of the questioners provoked some fine exchanges. But they also muffled, out-talked, or altered the nature of others. "Morris Lapidus is one who listens," the critic Cook praises the architect. If the authors had swallowed some of that medicine and labored to humanize and explain their subjects to the lay reader, the book would have had appeal beyond its for-the-record merits.

LEARNING FROM LAS VEGAS. By Robert Venturi, Denise Scott Brown and Steven Izenour. M.I.T. Press. 188 pp. \$25.

Any book that acknowledges Lewis Mumford and Tom Wolfe, Avis Car Rental and Michelangelo, has got to be a contemporary classic or have aspirations thereto. Blazoned with a cover photo of a Tanya billboard along the Las Vegas Strip, this book has been the hard-cover broadside for the architects' long-time message: that we can learn from the A&P parking lot; that the billboard can be the building; that architects should learn to live with, if not love, masscult's architectural doings.

As pure reading matter, the book resists absorption. Its prose flows but the *Life* magazine format is a handicap.

The size allows pictures of highway architecture, visible at 60 miles an hour, and spread-out shots of the neon-arama endorsed. But the airy script is tough reading for those trying to inhale its theses—part scholarly, part Pop art. The whole book stops and starts like tag lines at an exhibition which many of these photos were.

That is too bad. For though their counter-trendy manifesto has dated somewhat, portions are stimulating or incisive. The architects were correct in writing that the commercial strip "challenges the architect to take a positive non-chip-on-the-shoulder view. Architects are out of the habit of looking nonjudgmentally at the environment, because orthodox Modern architecture is progressive, if not revolutionary, utopian, and puristic; it is dissatisfied with existing conditions. Modern architecture has been anything but permissive. Architects have preferred to change the existing environment rather than enhance what is there."

This book's loving apologia for Route 66 is of course at the opposite end of the spectrum from the clean-sweep geometry. The philosophy demands a semi-defeatist attitude: if you can't lick 'em, build with 'em. It is, in a way, elitist; it takes an inbred eye to enjoy the physical extensions of the Venturis' earlier book, *Complexity and Contradiction*. Nonetheless, one can accept the authors' push for symbolic richness, whimsy and bravado in architecture ("the picturesque") and enjoy their own too few witty structural symbols without selling one's soul to the fast food/fast buck mentality of the highway architecture of Las Vegas pictured here.

THE SPACES IN BETWEEN. By Nathaniel Alexander Owings. Houghton Mifflin Company. 303 pp. \$8.95.

Those who know, don't say; those who say, don't know. Nathaniel Alexander Owings, prime candidate for category one, knows, but isn't saying. It's disappointing to have so few disclosures from the Owings in Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, the architectural handmaidens of big business. Owings' chatty style lulls you along for a bit. The pace is almost slick: from the incidents of a boyhood in Indiana à la *Seventeen* to the saga of building the New Town at Oak Ridge, it all has a superficial breeziness of Horatio Alger tales for teen-age boys.

Boys, and adults, want more. The book intrigues more for what it omits than for what it says. In this strange semi-autobiography, Owings' heart (or maybe it's just his urbanistic clichés) seems to lie so far away from the image

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of his firm as commerce in glass that one wonders how he ever generated the customers. "Architecture has been my way," he writes, "but I have never been satisfied. I have persistent visions, out of which have come some ideas. The most persistent is the central theme of bringing man back to the seat of the will, the plaza, the core, where space and architecture began. The plaza and the kiva are the seeds. . . ." Unfortunately, such intimacy and humanism is the antonym of SOM in our cities. The words are related to the cover picture of the pipe-smoking author-architect perched on the ledge of his Big Sur house, but have too little link to the firm that dots the map of our world.

CENTERS FOR THE URBAN ENVIRONMENT: *Survival of the Cities.* By Victor Gruen. Van Nostrand Reinhold Company. 266 pp. \$24.95.

The having-your-cake-and-eating-it ribbon goes to Victor Gruen who simultaneously claims the title Father of the Regional Shopping Center and "surgeon for sick cities"—to quote Stewart L. Udall's preface. This is like calling the man who carves the drumstick off the Christmas turkey, the Father of the Turkey Farm Extension. One might say that suburban shopping centers serve a need, but it is a stretch to call them urban surgery. Quite the contrary.

That is a typical Gruenism. Unlike your everyday retailer or developer, the Austrian-born planner is no crass or simple servant of his commercial clients. He has pretensions to philosophy and urbanity. These mix ill with the personal promotion in these pages as he lauds his own work as "one of the first breakthroughs in large-scale environmental planning." This self-aggrandizing—whether in ingenuous self-love or standard P.R. matters little—can give good values a bad name.

Gruen's book begins with a sheaf of man-in-nature truisms. Then, it goes on to a potentially useful compilation of case studies of the unifunctional center (the early shopping centers), the multifunctional center (later ones with more services) and, finally, urban cores. This final city section occupies little more than one-third of the book, negating the buzz words "urban" and "cities" in the title. Throughout, Gruen's splicing of acceptable architectural ideas and self-applause makes the rendering suspect: Milan's historic Galleria faces the page with Gruen's own Midwest shopping center. He also tends to euphemize or embroider where issues touch his clients, e.g., he sees "the merchant as contact person," the center of civilized life.

Gruen does acknowledge "the ugly-

ness and discomfort of the land-wasting seas of parking which surround the "centers" and their "inability to absorb other urban functions." His book contains technical material of use, abundant graphs

and photographs. But the publishers should have gone to a disinterested party to prepare the text, certainly not one acclaimed for parentage and likely to endorse the bathwater with the baby. □

Beyond the Walls of Light

FRIEDA LAWRENCE: *The Story of Frieda von Richthofen and D.H. Lawrence.* By Robert Lucas. The Viking Press. 308 pp. \$8.95.

THE HOSTILE SUN: *The Poetry of D.H. Lawrence.* By Joyce Carol Oates. Black Sparrow Press. 60 pp. \$15 (signed cloth edition). Paper \$3.

THE ESCAPED COCK. By D.H. Lawrence. Edited with a commentary by Gerald M. Lacy. Black Sparrow Press. 170 pp. \$10. Paper \$4.

SANDRA M. GILBERT

Why, after all these years, does the "story" of D.H. Lawrence continue to fascinate us? Over and over again, it is told like a sort of rosary by different writers, told now by strangers but still with the same fervor that inspired the endless memoirs, recollections, deifications and negative hagiographies of the 1930s. Like children listening to a fairy tale, we trace again and again the adventures of Lawrence the prophet, the misadventures of Lawrence the neurotic, the self-discovery of Lawrence the novelist. Again and again we examine the career of Lawrence the social thinker, the problems of Lawrence the poet, the itinerary of Lawrence the inspired traveler, investigating these matters as if seeking clues to the solution of some crucial mystery.

In fact, what may fascinate us most about the mysterious romance of D.H. Lawrence—and a romance his life surely was—is that more than any other literary career of this century it seems to promise us a clue, a release from the dull constrictions of our own lives, from, in Lawrence's phrase, "the fittings and elaborate furnishings" of our circumstances, and from "the upholstered dead who sit in deep armchairs" ruling our fates. Yeats, after all, couldn't escape becoming a 60-year-old smiling public man, though he longed for the terrible beauty of heroism. Virginia Woolf in defeat walked into the river Ouse, her pockets weighted down with the stones

Sandra Gilbert, who teaches in the English Department at Indiana University, is the author of *Acts of Attention: The Poems of D. H. Lawrence* (Cornell University Press).

of inescapable circumstance. Joyce's exile and cunning were qualified by the heaviness of experience—the mad daughter, the language lessons in Trieste, the bourgeois flats in Paris. Only Lawrence, of all the major modernists, managed to lead what Keats called a "life of allegory" for, as Catherine Carswell so beautifully put it, "he did nothing that he did not really want to do, and all that he most wanted to do he did."

It is no wonder, then, that Robert Lucas has chosen to recount for us in *Frieda Lawrence* "the story of Frieda von Richthofen and D.H. Lawrence," for this story that answers the question, *can a sickly young man from a little mining town in the north of England marry a beautiful reckless German baroness and live happily ever after?* seems somehow essential in our search for clues to the life of allegory. Was it, as Harry Moore, for instance, has said, Frieda who made it all possible? Or, as Joyce Carol Oates suggests in her essay on the poems, was Lawrence's marriage merely "epiphenomenal in relation to the deeper, less personal emotions he attempts to comprehend?" And if Frieda was crucial to Lawrence's development, was this so for Freudian reasons (because she was older—and larger—than he, a *zaftig* mother-figure) or for the reasons Lawrence himself gave (because "the intrinsic experience of a man during the crisis of manhood [is] when he marries and comes into himself")?

Mr. Lucas, alas, answers few of these questions, contenting himself for the most part with tedious recapitulations of familiar material, capsule *Encyclopedia Britannica* biographies of Lawrence's friends, and textbook descriptions of Lawrence's books. As for Frieda, his ostensible subject, she gets a few pages here and there—some background facts about her family tree, some quotations from her letters and memoirs, a few speculations about how she "must have felt," and the requisite family album photos of her looking at first like a plump young Garbo and later like an aging and slightly manic *Hausfrau*.

All of which is a shame, not only

because we need to know what Frieda herself was in order to know exactly what she was to Lawrence but also because, as Carswell wrote, "in her own very different way, Frieda [was] a person as remarkable as Lawrence, and . . . Lawrence knew it." Remarkable, however, with a difference. For if Lawrence led a life of unqualified and glamorous allegory, a life full of promise to ambitious, inspired young men ("O pillars of flame by night, O my young men. . . . The same flame that fills us with life, it will dance and burn the house down"), Frieda, whether muse or mother-figure, led a life more ambiguously and ironically allegorical, a life—like Zelda Fitzgerald's—possibly dangerous and certainly puzzling in its promise to young women.

One of the most crucial events of that life was, of course, the terrible sacrifice of her children with which Frieda's marriage to Lawrence began. "I was like a cat without her kittens," she wrote of this in *Not I, But the Wind*, her own version of the story, adding poignantly, "and always in my mind was the care, 'Now if they came where would I put them to sleep?'" But they were never to come—not until they were grown—withheld from their adulterous mother by their frantically wounded and vengefully puritanical father, Ernest Weekley, Frieda's first husband, whose rights in the matter were upheld by divorce laws that are almost incomprehensible to us today.

Where did Frieda get the strength to cope with her children's absence? Where did she get the energy to go on looking for the "new heaven and earth" Lawrence promised to find for her, and for the absent children? Her own answer, baffling in its simplicity, is better than any Lucas gives:

I remember Lawrence saying to me:
"You always identify yourself with life,
why do you?"

I answered: "Because I feel like it."

Yet surely this answer could be supplemented, not by a conventional massing of facts such as Lucas attempts (though one must recognize that his book has a certain cumulative power) but by a more sympathetic and creative engagement with Frieda herself, and with the sources of her life. The three von Richthofen girls were, after all, extraordinary: all passionate, intelligent and, most important, disobedient. "I don't mind whom my daughters marry," said their father, "as long as they don't marry a Jew, an Englishman, or a gambler." But Elsa, the eldest, a prototypical emancipated woman and student of Max Weber, married a Jew. Johanna, the youngest, a beautiful and witty

femme du monde, married a gambler. And Frieda, the middle daughter, the strangest of all—an "immortal wife" in the sentimental sense, or something more—married not one but two Englishmen. And why? What motivated these girls, what freed them all (as Lawrence himself was freed) from "the upholstered dead"?

Frieda, says Lucas, "often, in an endearingly but sometimes irritatingly feminine way, lacked logic." "A certain erotic laxity was part of her nature." "There was in her, this composed, full-bodied Valkyrie, an elemental quality of inertia." Was this, then—this eroticism, this inertia, this Molly Bloomish "femininity"—the source of her freedom? And if so, how do we reconcile such an explanation with Bertrand Russell's report that Lawrence "had the eloquence, but she had the ideas"? Liberated from Edwardian constraints into Lawrencean wifehood, does the allegorical figure of Frieda signify the oppressive pain as well as the freedom and pleasure of "life with a genius" (as Nancy Milford's Zelda does) or does it hint at some other solution to what Lawrence called the problem of "self-accomplishment, the charge of fulfilment"?

Again the only answer is to be found not in Lucas' biography but in the ardent naïveté of *Not I, But the Wind*, and it

is an answer that brings us back to Lawrence himself:

When Lawrence first found a gentian, a big single blue one, I remember feeling as if he had a strange communion with it, as if the gentian yielded up its blueness, its very essence to him. Everything he met had the newness of a creation just that moment come into being . . . I only wanted to revel in this new world Lawrence had given me . . . I could now flourish like a trout in a stream . . .

Whatever Frieda sacrificed in sacrificing her children and perhaps even part of herself, we feel finally—and this is a measure of our faith in Lawrence's charisma—that she won a game Zelda Fitzgerald and too many other "immortal wives" were doomed to lose.

Joyce Carol Oates's *The Hostile Sun*, intended as a study of Lawrence's poetry, is really a tribute to just this charisma of Lawrence that gave Frieda her true, if difficult, victory. "Lawrence's poems," Oates writes, "are for people who want to experience the poetic process as well as its product, who want the worst as well as the best, because they are infinitely curious about the man, the human being, D.H. Lawrence himself." Though as criticism this statement tends to diminish the poems, reducing them

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from works of art to sacred relics, it is exactly right in its grasp of what so many readers have hoped for from Lawrence. Sensing his power to "do what he most wanted to do"—to endow circumstances with "the newness of a creation just that moment come into being"—we wish, as Oates remarks, "to be transformed into him," or at least "we strain upward, puzzled by yearning for an equality with him, if only in flashes."

This is not to say that Oates doesn't write well about the poems themselves: to the extent that she is trying to get at the essence of Lawrence, to make herself—and us—understand *why* he matters, she writes with the intuitive ease and intelligence of a fellow artist about his technique, his themes, his still revolutionary goals. Her monograph isn't a co-

herent appraisal of the poems or of Lawrence's poetic development but then that isn't what it sets out to be. Rather, it is the tribute of one writer to another in the same line of descent, the tribute of a niece, say, to an uncle, defining the nature of kinship much as Lawrence, in his study of Thomas Hardy, defined his own relationship to an important forebear. As such, and in its brilliant impressionism, its fluent and vivid dialogue with Lawrence himself, *The Hostile Sun* reminds us, as Lucas' book does not, that there are ways of knowing literature quite different from the ways of knowing practiced by so many academic critics and so many dutiful literary biographers. There is, after all, the experience of Lawrence's poetry, just as, for Lucas, there should have been the experience of

Frieda. And by the same token, Oates reminds us, there are ways of writing, and reasons for writing, totally different from the ways and reasons defined by formalist "academic criticism at its most sinister." There is, as Frieda saw, Lawrence's communion with the gentian, his effort to grasp its otherness, an effort which R.P. Blackmur, for example, did not think worthy of the "rational imagination."

The rational imagination: what a wonderfully irrational phrase! Turning from Oates and Lucas to Lawrence himself, to the lovely and intelligently annotated Black Sparrow Press edition of *The Escaped Cock*, Lawrence's deliberately "blasphemous" novella about the sexual resurrection of Jesus (too long timidly entitled *The Man Who Died* by publishers who should know better), we can only be grateful that Lawrence's life of allegory was not a rational one in Blackmur's trivial sense; that, in fact, Lawrence had the imagination to give us such strange gods as his reborn Christ, such goddesses as his Isis in Search. Frieda became Frieda at least in part because of that "irrational" imagination of his, and the poems became what they are, and the novels too. Yet, as Oates suggests, we still strive to understand the process of "becoming" that was his life, still strive to define the special sensibility Aldous Huxley described so well shortly after Lawrence's death: "He had eyes that could see, beyond the walls of light, sensitive fingers that kept him continually aware of the environing mystery." Of that blue gentian, for instance. □

AN AFFIRMING FLAME

*In your last days, W.H.,
as though haunted by oncoming
events, you concentrated on your
present state.*

*So you confessed
in one of your last poems,
"I can't imagine anything
that I would less like to be
than a disincarnate Spirit. . . ."*

*And appearing with the poem,
your review on that heaven-hungry
St. John of the Cross observed:
"Spain . . . was a very strange country
and I'm very glad I didn't have
to live in it."*

*"No," despite
the lateness of the date, the horrors
megalopolis promotes, your poem
insists: "God has placed me exactly
where I'd have chosen to be. . . ."*

*But did you say that, have to,
because you were there and knew
no other certainty?*

*And certainly
as you took on the outrages of this
time and place who's to say—even you,
now that you've become that Sprite
incarnate, it doesn't fit you
perfectly?*

*Anyone who could do
so well with the made-for-burning
flesh, and with an imagination rich
and active as yours, needs no regret
from me.*

*It's those who hate
this life, their time and place,
can't make out anywhere else and so
deserve our pity.*

Theodore Weiss

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The members of cooperative galleries are not always able to meet their scheduled shows, owing to the pressure of having to earn a living as well as make art, or out of failure to finish a cherished project in time, or just plain nerves. When one of these things happens guest artists rush in, as occurred last month at 55 Mercer Street, which showed recent works by Joyce Robins and Paula Tavins. Joyce Robins included several floriated all-over Abstract paintings of a type that she has shown before, as well as a development that has come out of them. Presumably with longer to prepare she would have shown more of the newer work, but all the same her half of the gallery was admirable.

The all-over bits of color have been detached from the flat rectangular support of the canvas and distributed directly on the wall. It's as if a flock of birds had risen from her earlier work. The material of these color fragments is ceramic, but they have an intentionally unspecified material character: they could be petals or potato chips. The clay is shaped in Robins' hand by pressure, fired, and then painted; the bits are assembled on the walls in groups, that differ with each installation. There is no loss of glow and warmth in the color and the absence of the straight continuous edge of the canvas is welcome here. Previously it made her fields of color look like samples from a larger field, but now, without arbitrary limits to worry about, she expands and flourishes. The scatter of bright-colored pieces is a logical extension of her paintings, but with pictorial color given a sculptural bite and density.

Robins and Paula Tavins have shown together before, in 1972, in "13 Women Artists" at 117-119 Prince Street, and later that year in the University Art Gallery at the State University of New York at Albany. Tavins works on unstretched canvases which hang loose on the wall. Whereas Robins dots the walls with sharp accents of color, Tavins provides a loosely fitting wall cover, which succumbs a little to the tug of gravity. The canvas surface carries a mixture of forms: pencil lines in a fading burred grid and small canvas sacks, like tiny sandbags, repetitive but not monotonous in pattern. Formerly these sacks covered the whole area but now they are located irregularly; soft stains of color visit some of the sacks and small points of the canvas. The sparing color, the worn surface, the interplay of flat and raised forms produce sensuous zones that expand with a roaming spaciousness. Joan Gardner, a member of the 55 Mercer cooperative, is showing paintings and sketches for them in the form of collages. The dark paintings of abstracted objects with symbolic implications appear to be worked too heavily. Her collages, on the other hand, preserve the specificity of each object and its self-containedness, which is a potential that gets lost in the enlarged paintings.

To the extent that the members of a co-op are likely to be highly individualistic, group shows can be harassing to hang and competitive in effect. However, a co-op, since it consists of artists who have chosen one another, has a promise of unified mixed exhibitions. The last show of the year at A.I.R. Gallery, 97 Wooster Street, a group show of the membership, was a model of presentation. The tall, narrow storefront space

contained no single overpowering pieces, but a series of works that conformed subtly to an implied canon of restricted color and nondramatic form. Each work was a clear but unemphatic presence, one not to be denied. Even when color was rich, as in Mary Grigoriadis' two small square paintings, it was curbed by its earthiness and by the raw linen of the canvas. Rosemary Mayer's color, too, was high-keyed and complex, but coexisting, as her technique does of multitudinous small strokes of crayon on hard paper, she submits to a certain restraint also.

Mayer's drawing, incidentally, titled "Lucretia in Ferrara, 1507," is accompanied by a text concerning women in Renaissance society. The text declares Mayer's interests and was associated by the artist with her work, but was not a program or an explanation of it. It is rather an experimental statement of what might or might not be in the work, but is relevant as part of the intentions of the artist. A tall, torn drawing by Nancy Spero, in which ideographic and verbal forms converge, respectively as gesture and abstraction, was shown from her remarkable "Codex Artaud" series. Dotty Attie showed two rows of four drawings each, mostly quotations from Ingres, impeccably rendered in pencil. A single suggestive narrative captioned both sets of different images, an odd disjunction of our expectation that words function to explain pictures.

Rachel bas-Cohain showed a work that depended on capillary action. Several cups of herb tea, with cords trailing out of them, were fixed to the wall in a line; gradually the cords darkened and stained the wall, and trickles of tea eventually became visible. Hence the

title "Tea Wall"; a fact of physics was made to generate a slowly growing work of art. Loretta Dunkelman showed two of a new series of drawings, half circles drawn in wax crayon: the prevailing tone was bluish, but the multileveled strokes contained echoes and hints of flesh as well as of sea and sky. A new sculpture by Anne Healy departed from her earlier loose voluminous drapes: a dark, silvery-gray silk was hung, with shallow folds, on a tall metal frame lifted just off the wall. The material generated swimming effects of chiaroscuro, but within precise limits, in a way that raises great expectations of Healy's one-artist show at the A.I.R. Gallery (until January 23).

Two of the artists in A.I.R. will be showing at the Nancy Hoffman Gallery, 429 West Broadway (until January 24). They are Harmony Hammond (a former member) and Patsy Norvell (a present member). Sarah Draney, who showed in "New York Women Artists" (the sequel to "13 Women Artists") with Norvell, will be in this exhibition, along with Louise Fishman and Jenny Snider. The point of mentioning these contacts and allegiances is that co-ops are not only multiplying (SoHo 20 at 99 Spring Street is the latest example), but they are having an influence beyond downtown New York where they are situated. Sometimes this influence takes the form of exhibitions in university galleries, of which there have been both group and one-artist shows, sometimes of incorporation of artists from co-ops into the existing commercial system. This is the case at Nancy Hoffman's where the five artists call themselves "a woman's group." And a new group, "The Nine" will be showing at Rabinovitch and Guerra, 63 Crosby Street (until January 17). □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Philip Barry's *Holiday* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre) is a pleasant, well-mannered comedy. Its writing is affable, its construction tidy and trim according to the rules of the game as practiced forty-five years ago. It was a hit in 1928 and may well prove the most successful of the plays in the Phoenix Theatre repertory this season.

The play's assumptions and framework are those of another day, but I must at once confess that they were not of a kind altogether acceptable to me even then. Edward Seton is a multimillionaire widower who lives in a New York mansion with his two daughters, Julia and

Linda, and son Ned. Seton's father worked his way up to prosperity from humble origins, in the old-fashioned American way, but his son acts the stuffy high-society snob without high ideals. Julia Seton falls in love with Johnny Case, a nice young lawyer of poor family, upon whom her father looks askance because the youth lacks connections and cash. But Johnny has bought stock which has gone up sufficiently to win Seton's respect and consent to his daughter's marriage to the fellow. Johnny, however, has greater ambitions than to enter an exalted financial firm which will yield him a position in his future father-in-

law's "exclusive" circle. Johnny wants to invite his soul, to wander, to travel, to try his wings, to swim, in brief "to find out who he is," before he settles down to the protected life that has been prepared for him.

Julia prefers the path mapped out by her father for Johnny. Linda, on the other hand, is the rebel in the family who finds her father's orbit stultifyingly dull. She is looking for a chance to be free of it. She will not be crushed as her brother Ned has been in their father's business and who is therefore headed for dipsomania. It takes Johnny time (three acts) to untangle himself from his dilemma. He finally breaks with Julia and goes off for a trip abroad, and we are

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FATHER AND SON

*Awkward, the winter whirling behind us
Through the monolithic towers of glass,
Not through medieval woods where your death
Is private and unbearable, we wait.
I want to hold your hand, and yet you walk
Away, the snow graying your face, your hair,
Away through the snows quaintly, forcing a show
Of courage, when I want to speak once more.
What do we do with death in this cold age,
When wars pile bodies up like worn-out tires,
When . . . ? Suddenly a clock strikes anciently,
My spine is shuddering like a tuning fork.
I expect a horseman in a black mask
To gallop down the avenue and snatch me up
Not you because I'm still a child and you
Must whip him off, not stoop into a cab
Whose whitening windows slowly lose your face.*

Frederick Feirstein

happy to see that Linda, who loves him, will be on the same boat, where their experiment in a liberated existence is to begin.

What we should not overlook in considering this plot is that no one, except dear hapless Ned, is in danger. Johnny has enough money to support his flight to freedom—for perhaps several years. (He does not know, as we now do, that 1929 will be a disastrous year.) The play, in other words, is based on a rich man's notion of how one escapes from the constriction of wealthy mediocrity. But Johnny is little more than a good guy, and, though of age, hasn't an idea in his head, and the same is true of Linda, except for her love of fun and games. The play is therefore based on the thinnest of premises. The principal character's rejection of a well-cushioned *status quo* depends entirely on the untroubled perpetuation of that *status quo*.

The tale is told in graceful good will and with an agreeably restful lightness. It is deftly and intelligently directed by Michael Montel, who paces the play more crisply than must have originally been done, because we are no longer living in the secure comfort of the wealthy in the 1920s. The best passage in the play is one in which Nick Potter (he and his wife are almost the only "free spirits" among Linda's friends) recites his success story as total foolery. Its elaborate and much appreciated delivery by David Dukes marks the difference between the style of the earlier period and the present. The part was played in 1928 by Donald Ogden Stewart, who was, vocationally, no actor: he didn't have to "perform" it, he was it—so easy, casual, nonchalant that one im-

agined he meant every word of it. Thus it had its own nonsensical "reality." The life of fun was then the ideal of life; today it is only a trick, chiefly satisfying to those who look back at it with nostalgia.

Still, it's a "good show," this *Holiday*, and on the whole well acted, especially by Charlotte Moore as Linda, who lends charm to her role through a certain feminine truthfulness. John Glover, with something Jimmy Stewart-like in his appearance, is better suited to Johnny Case than to the other things he has played for the Phoenix. Thomas A. Stewart plays Ned Seton who, through drink, is presumably going to the dogs, as if he were enjoying the best of health, and George Ede as the elder Seton proves himself a worthy pillar of the company and of his profession. Edward Burbridge's second-act set is his best for the company this season.

* * *

The Juilliard School of Drama troupe now calling itself the City Center Acting Company is giving a repertory of plays at the Billy Rose Theatre consisting of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, *Measure for Measure*, John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*, James Saunders' *Next Time I'll Sing for You* and one performance of Molière's *Scapin*. I shall comment on these productions when I have seen the entire program. □

THE NATION

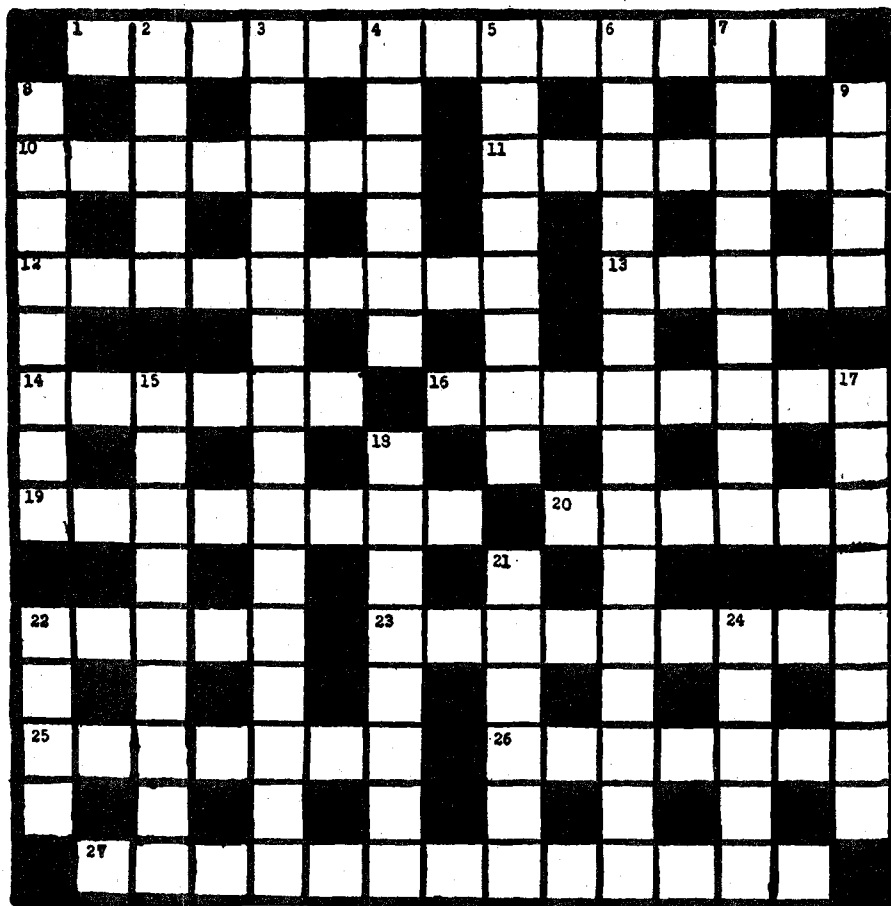
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ACROSS

- 1 Sounds large, like Golden Gate, but a prisoner might have gotten over it. (6,2,5)
- 10 Commonly beaten, or worked to a smooth consistency. (7)
- 11 Investigate the unknown. (7)
- 12 and 22 down Theaters not as different as the direction might imply. (4-5-4)
- 13 Trust yourself to have it, but not in practice. (5)
- 14 Koko's dicky-bird. (6)
- 16 This might have been the corset-wearer's undoing. (8)
- 19 They use their legs to measure the distance. (8)
- 20 Relative rank. (6)
- 22 One might be super in play. (5)
- 23 It might be a change of policy on the part of the government. (5-4)
- 25 Are such meetings supposed to show spirit? (7)
- 26 Tea sure is not easy to make! (7)
- 27 Green, perhaps. (13)

DOWN

- 2 Are they reputedly weak members of the band? (5)
- 3 Sort of 22 across, with the name copied wrong, marking the odd behavior of youth. (8,7)
- 4 Last? Rue the last part, possibly, after the finish! (6)
- 5 What independent workers like to be

given, without instruments and the like? (8)

- 6 See 9 down
- 7 There might have been a certain amount of bustle connected with it. (9)
- 8 Selected from diverse sources. (8)
- 9 and 6 One sometimes gets special treatment, possibly recognized more commonly as the viper's head. (4,9,6)
- 15 It sounds as though it could be run by a donkey engine, but it must have been a beastly way to carry things. (4,5)
- 17 Not the one that registers at the pump—feed for the range might be connected with it. (3,5)
- 18 Eve's scar could be deep. (8)
- 21 Is chalk a little like mineral salt, in part? (6)
- 22 See 12 across
- 24 One who was reputedly honest about the the Spanish tree? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1519

ACROSS: 1 Step outside; 9 Outright; 10 Dollar; 11 Acrobat; 14 Sextet; 15 Careless; 17 Foregone; 20 Dashes; 22 Confute; 24 Vestige; 26 Asking; 27 Absentee; 28 French bread. DOWN: 2 and 13 Turn of the Screw; 3 Pageant; 4 and 12 Up to scratch; 5 Sidecar; 6 Delta; 7 Bunche; 8 Lances; 16 Lusitania; 18 Oboist; 19 Octagon; 20 Dresser; 21 Eaglet; 23 Friar; 25 Rash.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

TRAVEL

THIS SUMMER I will lead a seminar group to Europe. The group will fly from New York on the evening of July 8th and stop in Scandinavia, seeing top government officials. Then it will fly on to Leningrad, arriving July 12th and staying until July 15th. From there the group will fly to Moscow and stay there until July 20th. Next it will fly to Germany and go on to London where it will remain until the afternoon of July 29th. The total cost per person—including hotels, meals, autos, air fare, New York to New York is only \$1487. Since the number that can be taken is limited, please write at once to: Dr. Jerome Davis, Friends House, Apt. C-25, Sandy Spring, Md. 20860.

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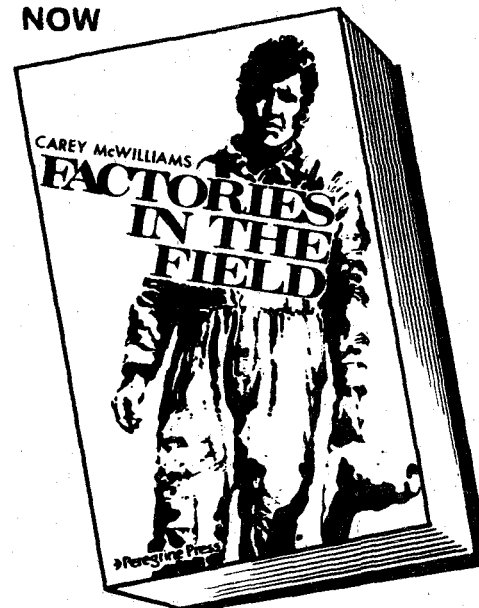
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